The Present Danger—At Home

The Reporter

June 12, 1951

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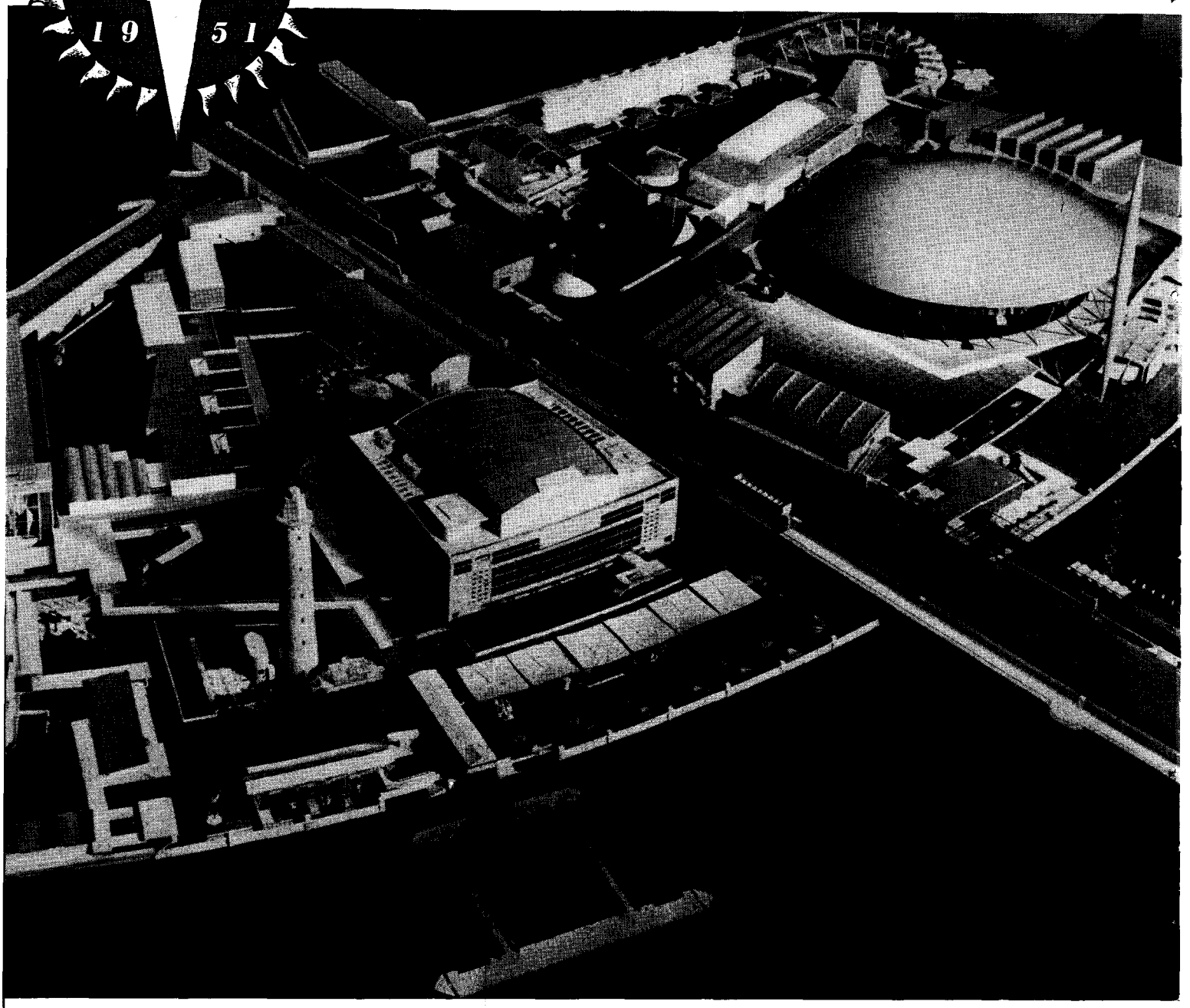
The Festival of Britain



On the midnight before the festival's opening day, a group of students scaled the 295-foot Skylon (upper right) and affixed a large University of London Air Squadron scarf to a pole near the top. Come dawn, few were able to see the emblem through mist and drizzle. . . . The *Times* of London commented dourly: 'The Dome of Discovery drew a large . . . crowd, but many . . . could be said to be going round the dome in a daze, for much of the work here is not too easily understood . . .' However, most holidayers liked the show. (For a view of current morale in Britain, see page 21)

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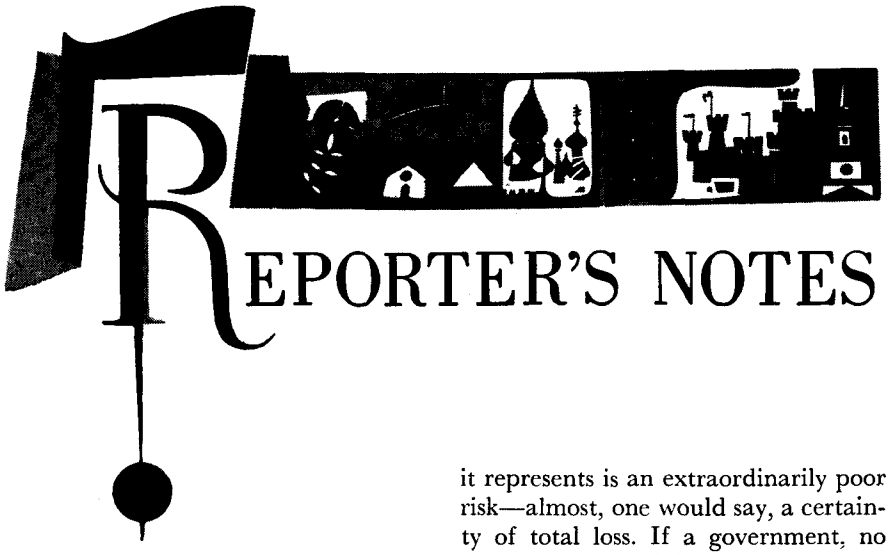

Seven Million People

What about the Formosans?

We have asked it before and we ask it again, with fresh urgency now that our government has decided to give increased assistance to what is left of Nationalist China—Formosa. In our own secular way, unaffiliated as we are with any pro-China sect, we spoke out months ago against delivering the seven million Formosans to Mao's régime as part of the China package. Now we would like to know whether the Formosans have any chance of developing their freedom from Communism into freedom to choose and judge their own leaders.

It's terribly intricate—this business of assisting foreign people whom we want to defend from Communism, but whose internal government is quite different from our own. Emotional denunciations or emotional defenses of such governments do not help much in determining whether the investment of American resources and skills is worthwhile. Of course this is always a gamble, but there are some hard basic criteria to judge by. Mainly two.

First: to be effective, American assistance can never be unconditional. American representatives must keep a close eye on how the money given to foreign countries is being spent. Any evidence of a local pork barrel is a sure sign that the money is subsidizing parasites and, ultimately, enemies of the American people.

Second: a country whose government is not removable and cannot be modified or influenced by the citizens it represents is an extraordinarily poor risk—almost, one would say, a certainty of total loss. If a government, no matter how inefficient or corrupt, is removable, there is always a chance for improvement. If it is irremovable, we can be sure that American assistance will be monopolistically used, for their own benefit, by those who hold the monopoly of power.

In Greece and in Turkey, the governments that the United States rescued from Communist attack proved to be removable. In both countries American intervention helped the people start new ventures in self-government, choosing good or bad leaders, putting to good use or squandering their political rights. In both countries, American assistance managed to be conditional, with varying blends of kindness and toughness, of tolerance and resolution.

American assistance to Kuomintang China, on the contrary, has never succeeded in being conditional or in making the government to the slightest degree removable. At the end, as we all know, it was totally removed from the mainland of China by Communist violence—which is not to be confused with the will of the Chinese people.

Now only Formosa is left of non-Communist China. We submit that if the help given to the Nationalist government is carefully watched, if the people of Formosa are given a chance to pass judgment on their rulers or to elect new ones if they so please, the unfortunate people on the Chinese mainland may glimpse a future in which they will not have to choose between old and new tyrannies.

Free institutions on Formosa, we think, could be a far more effective weapon against Communist China than any number of commando raids by Kuomintang soldiers, ferried across, clothed, fed, armed, and shielded by the American government.

Statistics

The critics of the Atlantic alliance never stop complaining that our allies are dragging their feet, that Europe is not paying its fair share of the common defense effort.

To throw a little light on the problem, let's look at the figures showing the per capita income of the Atlantic countries before and after the Second World War:

	Per Capita Income in 1938 U.S. Dollars	
	1938	1949
U. S.	521	770
Canada	323	461
U.K.	378	410
France	236	255
Belgium	275	308
Luxembourg	275	293
Netherlands	323	260
Italy	127	124
Portugal	. . .	135
Norway	255	311
Denmark	316	315

The question of "Europe's fair share" might perhaps be viewed with the same standards that our government uses in determining the percentage we pay on our incomes—the graduated tax.

In some parts of Europe, the choice may be between guns and calories. For us it may become one of guns or television.

Relativity

Mr. James Bruce, American Ambassador to Argentina from 1947 to 1949, recently called Perón "One of the nicest fellows I've ever met." This uncalled-for confession makes us shudder, for it gives us an idea of the other people the unfortunate man must have met. Really, life shouldn't be that hard on anybody.

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Correspondence

Cotton—King Again

To the Editor: I have read the article "The Farmer, the Emergency, and the Brannan Plan," by Hans H. Landsberg. I find it a good analysis of the present agricultural situation, and Landsberg is to be commended for doing a good, short article on a many-faceted subject.

I was especially interested in his remarks regarding the expanded acreage allotted to cotton growers, and the fact that a sufficient supply of labor and insecticides is necessary to do a good job. There is a tremendous story out here in Arizona relative to this cotton situation. Farmers out here are pulling out all the stops in regard to expanded acreage. Dairy farmers, seeing the possibility of high profits in cotton, are switching to this crop. Other farmers are plowing under their extensive alfalfa fields and planting them in cotton.

The whole situation is frightening. Labor has always been scarce in our cotton fields, and it will be more so at this harvest season. Also, a great deal of long-staple cotton is being planted, and this type of cotton cannot be machine-picked. No matter how you look at it, cotton farmers are going to have a hectic time getting their cotton out of the fields at harvest time.

Another frightening angle is the fact that we see many grain farmers going into big-scale cotton operation. There is going to be a tremendous shortage in feed, especially alfalfa. Already we see prices skyrocketing in this area. Cattle feeders are going out of the state to find sufficient feed. From all indications, this is a harbinger of a feed shortage which is going to cause our cattle operators some mighty hard times in spite of good cattle prices.

PAUL SELONKE
Editor, the *Arizona Stockman*
Phoenix

Cary on Government

To the Editor: The article by Joyce Cary on dictatorship, "Africa Yesterday: One Ruler's Burden," in your May 15 issue, is one of the finest studies of politics and social life I have ever read. The problem he deals with exists, as he so clearly realizes, in all large organizations, and thoughtful rulers from the days of Frederick Barbarossa have tried to find a remedy. They never have, and probably no ruler ever will. The article might be compared with the discussion of front-office communications in the May, 1951, *Fortune*, but Cary seems to me much better as an observer.

In the current issue of the *Journal of Human Organization* there is an article about American civil administration on Truk. It also might be compared with Cary, again to his advantage. More power to him, and more articles, I hope, from him.

DAVID RIESMAN
Chicago

To the Editor: Now that I'm comfortable again, recovered from my laughter, I want to laud Joyce Cary for his illuminating account of life as administrator of a Nigerian outpost. His genial effrontery in naming and establishing himself as what we today consider the acme of human depravity—a dictator—at the same time making himself well liked by the reader, is refreshing to the utmost. Not that we should grow indulgent toward dictators, but the mental freedom of Cary is something we could stand to see more of.

JOHN COLEMAN
New York City

What's Appeasement?

To the Editor: McGeorge Bundy, writing about the doctrine of cease-fire, seems to be a horse of another color from those usually running *The Reporter's* race; in fact, judging from the ragged steeplechase he made out of your issue of May 15, he seems to have strayed from the Luce stud farm.

After platitudinously observing that the non-Communist "world is not composed simply of appeasers and provocators," he goes on to enrich this comment by placing Kingsley Martin and MacArthur at opposite ends of the western political spectrum and further insists that these "extremes nourish each other" and "thrive on each other's folly." Bundy thus uses the widely known circumstances of MacArthur's military demise to smear, by transfer, the views of a relatively little-known British editor without offering a scintilla of evidence to support the charge that Martin is an appeaser. I have read the *New Statesman and Nation* for over two years and I do not find the policy of its editor in any sense reflecting appeasement sentiments. Of course, Bundy does not define "appeasement," so we don't know whether he is using the word as evolved from the events of Munich (which do not parallel those of Korea) or whether he employs the term as it appears today in Luce foreign-policy statements.

Martin, from my reading of him, would like to prevent extremists in the West from enlarging the Korean War into a general war; he would rather have peace without victory in Korea; and he saw, correctly, and before many people who now support Truman's action on MacArthur, that there was real menace in the continuance of the Panjandrum of Tokyo in command. Martin knows what Bundy either doesn't know or chooses to ignore: that there is a real distinction between peace and appeasement.

Bundy was correct in realizing that "extremes nourish each other," but he did not select the real extremes between which the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples are being buffeted. Those extremes are the Russian Politburo, responsible to no one and having little to guide it except dialectic dogma; and the MacArthur-McCarthy-McCormick triple-play combination, which, if it ever becomes operative at a policy level, will easily "put out" our last chance to avert atomic disaster.

MILES PAYNE
San Diego, California

Contributors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

June 12, 1951 Volume 4, No. 12

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Editorial

The Present Danger—At Home

This republic, which soon after its establishment grew into a democracy checked and limited by the traditional devices of representative institutions, has recently shown a peculiar tendency to turn into a direct democracy. In the tiny direct democracy of Athens, a few thousand citizens, assembled in the agora, the market place, could see and hear the great debates, and then make their sovereign decisions. In our day, tens of millions of citizens can hear the same voices, see the same images, be stirred by the same emotions, all at the same moment. In our time and country, the agora of the nation is the nation itself; sitting in his living room or his neighborhood saloon, the citizen is exposed to the appeal of conflicting viewpoints and, so he is told, has the final power of decision.

For the second time, technology has surged forward just as our nation was reaching a turning point in its history. Over the century when the continent was settled, industrialism reached its fullest creativeness. Now, exactly when we are inheriting the major responsibility for the shaping of world history, nation-wide media of communication are bringing us an increasingly detailed and up-to-the-minute account of all that is happening, important or trivial. The press, radio, and television have given such figures of speech as "national arena" and "national audience" a definite, measurable reality.

Limited War and Limited Government

This ever-increasing downpour of information, this opportunity to watch enthralling events like an exposure of vice or a joint session of Congress, does not appreciably increase our capacity for reaching well-thought-out, unemotional decisions. Yet momentous choices are forced on us, choices that affect the destiny of our nation and ultimately our own lives. We are now asked to choose between a limited or an expanded war; we are told that the conflict in which we are engaged is either our best chance for peace or an endless, useless, and therefore, one should judge, criminal sacrifice of American lives.

All the basic issues, in fact, are presented in extraordinarily simple and dramatic terms of either/or. At the bottom of all these either/ors there is always the same alternative—war or peace—with the attempt to put on the other side, on the internal opponent, the odious responsibility for the war that does not end or for the larger one that threatens. This process of passionate simplification doesn't make for knowledge or for wisdom.

Seldom, if ever, have demagogues enjoyed so glorious an opportunity. The bitterest among the Administration's opponents maintain that the people ought to know everything: the calculations behind military decisions, the expectations our leaders have of the enemy's behavior, and the reasons for these expectations. They insist that the people ought to be told what the supreme commanders think of our allies, what use we can make of them, how worthy they are of being supported, or when—just in case—we had better leave them in the lurch.

The demagogues may not know it yet, but in their savage attacks on the idea of limited war they are threatening that delicate machinery of limited and divided powers that is the essence of modern democracy. Indeed, the difference between modern and ancient, or direct, democracy is this complex distribution of functions that has carefully marked out the responsibilities and limitations of the various branches of government. Our demagogues, like those of the Athenian democracy at its end, do not hesitate to put what they call the people's will or the people's right above the supreme law.

It is doubtful whether the patriots who met in Philadelphia in 1787 could have done such a superb job of constitution-framing had their debates been on the air. They assumed their responsibility, and their decision has been ratified by the people ever since. Now, however, many men in public life are not afraid of putting crucial military deliberations under the glare of full publicity. In fact, debates seem to be coming one after the other, and the ever-increasing audience, the ever more glamorous protagonists, have added a new, unheard-of thrill to

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our national life. It could be exhilarating, if Soviet Russia were not facing us and if there were not the prospect that some day we may find ourselves engaged in the debate to end all debates.

The Right-Wing Anarchists

The amazing thing about the present controversy is that the most reckless demagogues come from the section of our political life that until recently used to be considered, and was in fact, the most conservative. The extreme radicalism that has dwindled and gone underground on the Left is now rampaging on the Right.

Those branches of the government that are under the most ruthless attack are just those that demand the most specialized, hard-to-gain skills. The new radicals have no patience, but only suspicion and hatred, for any aristocracy of talents, no matter how democratically selected and democratically checked. If these talents apply themselves to subjects that are not easy to explain—like conditions in foreign countries, or relations between the welfare of the American and of foreign people—then one can be sure they are hiding something perverted and seditious. The sad privilege of the State Department and of Secretary Acheson is now being extended to the Department of Defense and to a great number of our highest military leaders—at least to all of them who insist on considering the consequences before risking enlarged war. To weigh the consequences is appeasement.

The extreme radicals of the Right have discovered that telling the people *all* pays—at least at the beginning and particularly when the *all* is a pack of unproved accusations. To a nation that is not yet used to its new responsibility as the leading power of the West, the idea that its predicament simply comes from a plot of highly placed American Communists is disturbing and attractive—just as attractive as the prospect of getting rid of the enemy with a great effort, once and for all. When a country is so distraught that suspicion of guilt becomes evidence of guilt, that war, and the largest possible measure of war, is considered the only instrument of foreign policy, then the institutions of freedom don't matter much. If anybody stands against you, just say, or better whisper, that he's a Red. That will do.

Recently the New York *Times* published a report on what has happened to academic freedom in our country, among teachers and students. That report —a great service to the nation rendered by that great paper—makes grim reading. There is little organized censorship on the campuses but there is a censor inside too many a scholar, teacher or student, for anybody may be suspected of being a Red. One must avoid thinking new ideas too hard and too passionately, or taking the old and eternal ideas too literally. A large number of students at a venerable university refused to join the Crusade for Freedom movement, led by General Clay. They did not want to get mixed up with anything that had to do with crusades or with freedom and that some day McCarthy might denounce.

If this continues unchallenged, if the demagogues have their way, if things happen all over the country as they did in Pasadena, then we are faced by a danger as great as that of Communist attack. The nation is urged to know more and more of everything, yet it is as if its range of vision were being narrowed down to the width of a television screen. There are forces at work that, out of malice or out of instinct, are closing down like cataracts on the people's eyesight.

Not long ago, a group of the nation's most eminent leaders formed an organization called The Committee on the Present Danger. So far, the committee has concerned itself mostly with the danger of military unpreparedness, and has particularly insisted on the passage of UMT legislation. It has done good and indispensable work. Yet if our best men focus their attention only on this aspect of the present danger, they are doing only part of the job.

This mammoth imitation of Greek democracy at its decaying worst has to be denounced with all the vigor, the documentation, the passion we can marshal. Our institutions based on the division of power and on the assumption of full responsibility by the men in high office must be defended with the same calm resolve that Omar Bradley exhibited when he stood firm against the bullying of some of the Senate investigators. Above all, the demagogues have to be unmasked, even if they have hitherto been known for their stalwart conservatism. The demagogues are invariably the ultimate ruin of a democracy, for by debauching the people, by turning them into mobs, they create the great sweeps of lawlessness. Lawlessness, not tyranny, is the mortal enemy of a democracy. Tyranny only gives the rigor of death to the convulsed features of a democracy that lawlessness has killed.

We can overcome this very great present danger, if enough of us are aware of it and if together we begin using all the means of communication and of persuasion to secure our freedom against both foreign aggression and internal demagoguery.

—Max Ascoli

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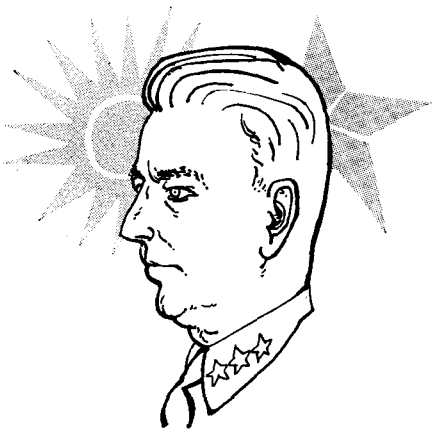
What Wedemeyer Really Said



Once again, critics of U.S. Far Eastern policy are rallying around (though perhaps not reading) the Wedemeyer report. The recent application of its author, Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, for retirement from the Army has been linked to the alleged suppression of the report and the dismissal of General MacArthur. The public is once more told that the Truman Administration has ignored the findings and recommendations of the mission it sent in 1947 under General Wedemeyer to make an on-the-spot survey of China and Korea.

This view, which springs from several startling inaccuracies, has crept even into the Sunday Magazine section, though not into the news columns, of the New York *Times*. On May 13, the Magazine had this to say:

"Should we decide to equip Chiang Kai-shek for an adventure on the Chinese mainland, who would be the 'Gissimo's American military adviser? But for one thing, it might be a tall, graying lieutenant general with a profile like George Washington's.

"The chief obstacle is that his name is Wedemeyer. Four years ago his China report was declared 'not in the public interest' to be released. The report has only just seen the light of day, quickly followed by the general's request for retirement."

By implication and by direct statement, these paragraphs reveal the two most egregious misconceptions about the report: that it favors all-out aid to Chiang Kai-shek and that it has been withheld from the public until now. The fact is that most of the report was released in August, 1949, as part of the government-published *United States Relations With China*. Since then, anyone has been able to get a copy by sending three dollars to the Superintendent of Documents in Washington. As for Chiang, Wedemeyer did recommend aid to him—but only on conditions that the Formosa Government has never accepted. To readers of the report, it would seem dubious that General Wedemeyer is *persona grata* with Chiang.

The Korean section of the report, it is true, was not released until this May 2. Even that seems a strange complaint from Congressional critics, many of whom only a year ago voted against Administration proposals for Korean aid considerably short of what the report called for. On the other hand, the only one of Wedemeyer's Korean recommendations that the State Department disregarded was the creation of an American-officered and -equipped "scout force."

General Wedemeyer explicitly proposed "that the United States organize, equip and train a South Korean scout force, *similar to the former Philippine Scouts*" (italics mine). Actually, that would have been difficult, for the Philippine Scouts were an integral part of our own military organization, answerable only to our government—and to no other political authority—through the War Department and the normal military channels of command. Units were designated as, for example, "The —th United States Cavalry, Philippine Scouts"; the troops were paid, commanded, and equipped by Americans.

It would hardly have been in keeping with our desire to see Korea a free and independent member of the family of nations if we had controlled the only effective military force in the country. In his testimony on Korea, General MacArthur completely discounted the rumors that there were any Russians in the North Korean forces so far encountered. Had the "scout-force" proposal been adopted, it would have been hard to say that Korea—regardless of its form of government—was much less an American satellite than Hungary or Romania is a Russian satellite. In any case, before June, 1950, legislative support could never have been found for such a large-scale military commitment in Korea.

But the Wedemeyer mission was primarily concerned with China. At the time the general set out for the Orient the Chinese civil war was entering its last stages; in debacle after debacle Chiang was losing his grip on the mainland. One of the commonest accusations hurled at the Administration is that the Nationalist Government would surely have overcome the Chinese Communists if Washington had only listened to Wedemeyer. Those who are making such charges today were less enthusiastic about his China report in 1949, when its contents were fresh in the public mind. For no sort of rationalization can overcome the fact that Wedemeyer pinned the blame for the Nationalist fiasco not on U.S. policy or the State Department but squarely on Chiang and the other leaders of the Kuomintang.

General Wedemeyer amplified his opinions on what caused the rise of Communism in China with a wealth of detail. He cited instance after instance of breakdown in the military, political, and economic administration of China by the Chiang régime, which, he made plain, fostered the success of the Communists. His view of Chiang's collapse is clearly summed up in a speech he delivered on August 22, 1947:

"For the first year after the war, in my opinion it was possible to stamp out or at least to minimize the effect of Chinese Communists. This capability was predicated upon the assumption that the Central Government [Chiang's]

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disposed its military forces in such a manner as to insure control of all industrial areas, food producing areas, important cities and lines of communication.

"It was also assumed that the Central Government appointed highly efficient and scrupulously honest officials . . . throughout the political and economic structure. If these assumptions had been accomplished, political and economic stability would have resulted, and the people . . . would have strongly opposed the infiltration . . . of communistic ideas. . . . Today China is being invaded by an idea instead of strong military forces. . . . The only way . . . to combat this idea successfully is to do so with another idea that will . . . win the support of the people . . . the Central Government will have to remove corruption and incompetence from its ranks in order to provide justice and equality and to protect the personal liberties of the Chinese people, particularly of the peasants."

Although the above quotation is from a speech rather than from the report, it is a faithful summary of the findings of the latter. What makes it of particular interest is that Wedemeyer made these statements personally before a joint meeting of the State Council and all Ministers of China's National Government—the very men

who made and maintained the policies that Wedemeyer assailed. It takes no penetrating understanding of the Chinese or of "face" to realize that the man who made these remarks would hardly be welcomed as "the 'Gissimo's American military adviser."

Wedemeyer's many years of experience with the Chinese may have convinced him that even these plain words would not be sufficient. At any rate, in the same speech, he recapitulated his views of the ills of China, saying: ". . . the Central Government cannot defeat the Chinese Communists by the employment of force, but can only win the loyal, enthusiastic and realistic support of the masses of the people by improving the political and economic situation immediately."

Five days before this speech, the general had made a report to the State Department which foreshadowed his formal and final report the following month. On the subject of Nationalist rule of Formosa he had this to say: "Our experience in Formosa is most enlightening. . . . The Central Government lost a fine opportunity to indicate to the Chinese people and to the world at large its capability to provide honest and efficient administration. *They cannot attribute their failure to the activities of the Communists or of dissident elements* . . . (italics mine). [The Formosans] fear that the Central Government contemplates bleeding their island to support the tottering and corrupt Nanking machine and I think their fears well founded."

Corruption or incompetence or both crop up in the report whenever Wedemeyer mentions the Nationalist Government. "Notwithstanding all the corruption and incompetence that one notes in China . . ." (page 766); ". . . a government within which corruption and incompetence were so prevalent . . ." (page 767); ". . . incompetent and corrupt officials . . ." (page 768); ". . . Maladministration and corruption cause a loss of confidence in the Government . . ." (page 773); ". . . the widespread corruption among Government officials . . ." (page 777); "The administrative inefficiency and corruption . . ." (page 801); ". . . the presently corrupt, reactionary and inefficient Chinese National Government . . ." (page 814).

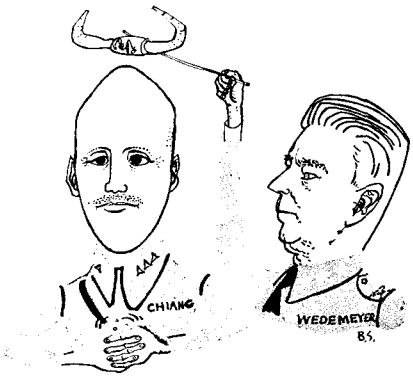
Wedemeyer's attitude toward Chiang himself—his honesty and ability—ranged from skepticism to condemnation. In discussing reforms, he said: "I retain the conviction that the Generalissimo is sincere in his desire to attain these objectives. I am not certain that he has today sufficient determination to do so if this requires absolute overruling of the political and military cliques surrounding him."

Apparently the sincerity of Chiang's sentiments pertained only to some future period in Chinese history—not the present. For later on Wedemeyer wrote: "Control of the Government and its policies remained, in general, in the same few hands and within this framework the Generalissimo has continued to be the main determinative force in Chinese Government policy."

If there can be any doubt as to what Wedemeyer thought of Chiang, it should be dispelled by the following: "The Chinese Government is headed by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and dominated by the Kuomintang under his leadership. The reactionary character of Kuomintang leadership, the repressive nature of its rule and the widespread corruption among Government officials and military officers have cost the Government heavily in terms of the confidence and support of the people."

On the subject of the Kuomintang alone the report adds: "On one side is the Kuomintang, whose reactionary leadership, repression and corruption have caused a loss of popular faith in the Government."

The anti-Administration forces have tried to put Wedemeyer into MacAr-



thur's camp, so it is pertinent to see how MacArthur's and Wedemeyer's views agree on corruption and the need for reform in the Chiang régime. On May 4, General of the Army MacArthur had this to say: ". . . all during the war against Japan we fought alongside of him [Chiang]. He was a trusted, respected ally. *There was nothing in his government that was different then than what it was when he passed into defeat*" (italics mine). Reading MacArthur's and Wedemeyer's statements together, one might tend to forget that it was Wedemeyer who was commanding general of the China

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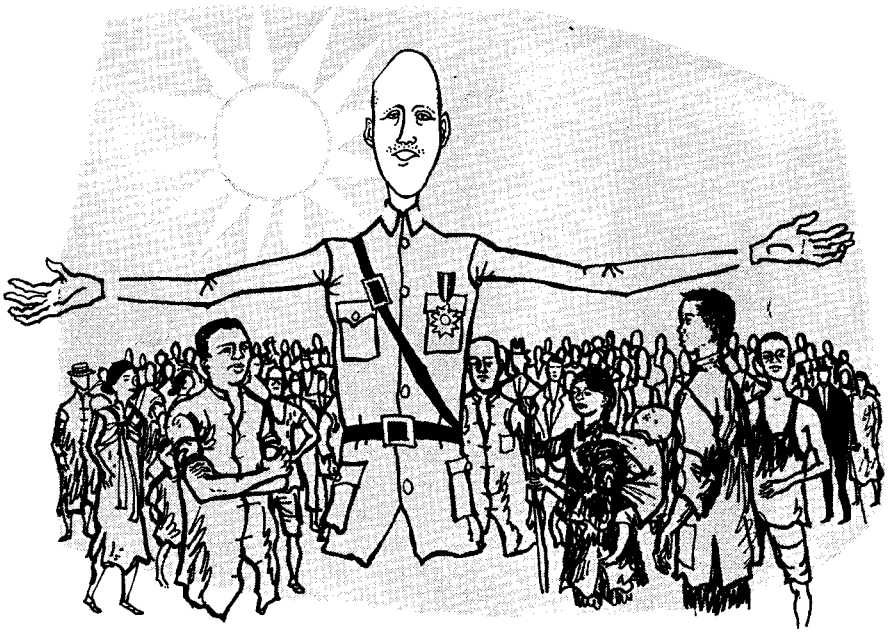

theater during the war. His command was in no way under the control of MacArthur. Nor did General MacArthur have any official relationship with Chiang's Government.

The latter fact may in part explain General MacArthur's unconcern with the corruption that General Wedemeyer and others have found so detrimental to Chiang's fight against the Communists. The former chief of SCAP has said, "In great international decisions, if they are to be based upon the details of corruption in government . . . there would be few countries that would pass unscathed."

Consciously or not, General MacArthur was almost paraphrasing the thought expressed in 1947 by Chang Chun, the Nationalist Premier, in making clear his resentment at the then unpublished but already surmised findings of General Wedemeyer. Chang made his statement a fortnight after the Wedemeyer speech quoted above. These were Chang's words: "Minor affairs should not be mixed up with matters of policy. It is a question of method. Chinese policy is fixed and will not change. . . ."

General MacArthur also found that in Formosa Chiang Kai-shek had established a "government that compares favorably with many of the democracies of the world"—a great improvement over the government described four years earlier by General Wedemeyer, who reported that "Students . . . have been severely and at times brutally punished by National Government agents without pretense of trial or public evidence of the sedition charged . . . periodicals have been closed . . . without stated charges, and permitted to reopen only after new managements have been imposed."

If we are to believe the Wedemeyer report, this lack of faith in the government was not confined to students and other rebels. Some of the least confident were the very people who had most to gain from a Nationalist victory—the Chinese capitalists. Americans in China during the war often complained that while we were fighting for China and pouring money into it, its own people were shipping their wealth out of the country as fast as they could. There were persistent reports that private citizens had vast reserves abroad that remained untouched while Chiang asked the United States for loan after loan. The Wedemeyer report makes frequent reference to these assets: "Privately-held foreign exchange assets are at least $600 million and may total $1,500 million, but no serious attempt has been made to mobilize these private resources for rehabilitation purposes." The general told the State Council: China is far from bankrupt in a financial sense. . . . China is practically bankrupt in spiritual resources . . . it is predominantly the poor people, the peasants, who are making great sacrifices and predominantly the rich class who [do not] assist their country."

These quotations by no means exhaust the criticisms of the Central Government contained in the Wedemeyer report, but they do serve to illustrate that the document was not exactly an endorsement of all-out aid to China. It is well known that General Wedemeyer advocated military aid to China. It is less well known that his report stated: "Until drastic political and economic reforms are undertaken United States aid *cannot accomplish its purpose*" (italics mine).

One of General Wedemeyer's proposals recalls a suggestion that has made Secretary Marshall the object of much abuse. In 1946, Marshall called for a Nationalist-Communist coalition to govern all China. His present-day critics, ignoring the fact that he advanced this idea before the Red coup in Czechoslovakia, and while Romania was still a Stalinist monarchy, say that common sense alone should have told him that co-operation with Communism was impossible.

It was Wedemeyer who proposed that Manchuria be taken from Chiang and placed under five "guardians," one of which was to be Russia. Nor was this a mere suggestion. It was made one of Wedemeyer's five "stipulations" which Chiang had to meet to qualify for U.S. assistance. Wedemeyer based his plan on a factor that had loomed large in Marshall's reasoning: the disparity between Kuomintang weakness and Chinese Communist strength. Wedemeyer foresaw Kuomintang objections, but he thought that ". . . the urgency of the matter should encourage a realistic view of the situation." Yet the same people who berate Marshall are now looking to Wedemeyer as a champion of their cause.

In closing, General Wedemeyer recommended that American aid "designed to protect China's territorial integrity" be maintained on condition "that China give continuing evidence that the urgently required political and military reforms are being implemented."

Perhaps it was just such comments as those contained in the Wedemeyer report that General MacArthur meant when he referred to the "malicious gossip which so undermined the strength of its [the Nationalist Government's] leadership on the Chinese mainland." —JAMES COLWELL

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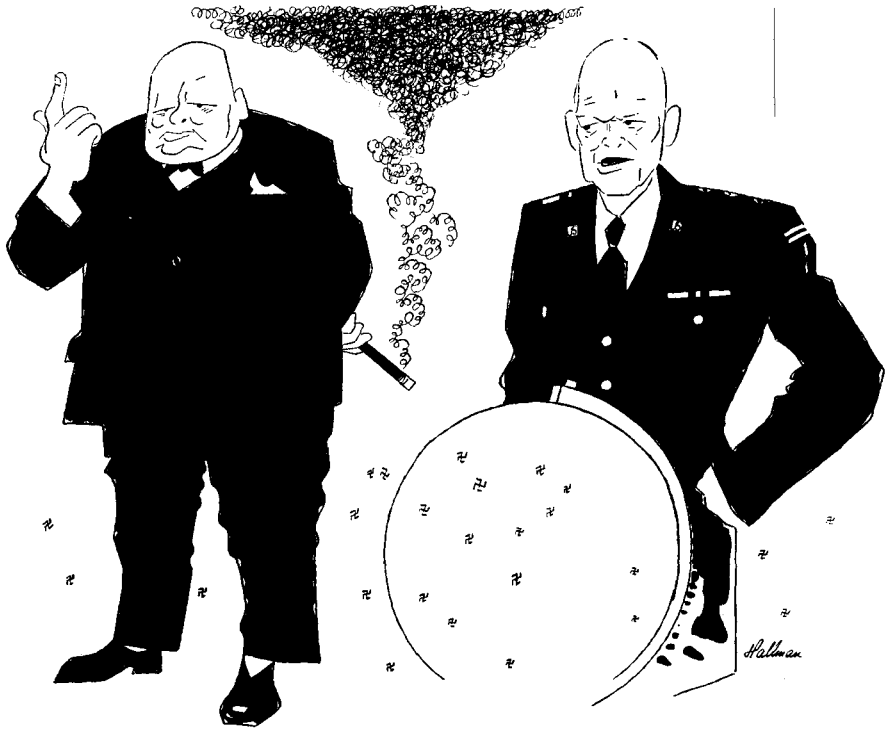
Eisenhower as Theater Commander: A Study in Contrasts

Our European allies, who have had long experience with the military-civilian relationship, have been confused by the events leading to General MacArthur's recall and by the implications of his testimony before Congress. Having worked out solutions to similar problems in earlier wars, and remembering General Eisenhower's service as theater commander from 1942 to 1945, they find it hard to understand that America should now be involved in disputes that they settled in principle many years ago.

It is a tradition in western Europe that the military element should be subordinate to the civilian government. Their experience has taught them that a military commander may disagree with the policies of his political superiors, but that he must carry them out as long as he remains in office. Britain established the principle that a responsible military officer must speak out in council when plans which he opposed on military grounds were being formulated. If he remained silent, it was assumed that he approved the venture. An officer was expected to protest through official channels against plans that he felt endangered the state, but it was clearly understood that he should not take his case to the newspapers or to politicians of opposition parties *before* he resigned.

The experience of France during the First World War demonstrated what happens when the military element takes charge of affairs. In a wave of patriotic sentiment following the outbreak of war in 1914, the government turned the complete direction of the war over to General Joffre. The soldiers took the statesmen at their word, and presently no control in matters of supply, maintenance, transport, health, or administration was left in civilian hands. The domination of the military was so complete that Joffre actually forbade the President of France to visit the front. Military defeats from 1915 to 1917 finally enabled Clemenceau to restore civilian control. When Marshal Foch undertook to depart from agreed-upon policy in a conference with the British in March, 1918, the Tiger silenced him with a savage interjection: "Keep still! I speak for France!"



In his recent testimony before Congress, General MacArthur said: "A theater commander is not merely limited to the handling of his troops; he commands that whole area politically, economically, and militarily." When this strange observation was questioned by the press, the general said that what he "meant to convey was the idea that there should be no nonprofessional interference in the handling of troops in a campaign." The controversy over MacArthur's recall has focussed public attention on the functions, responsibilities, and desirable characteristics of a theater commander. It has also provided a yardstick with which to measure the achievements of General Eisenhower as a theater commander.

The fact that no public controversies have marred General Eisenhower's two tours of duty as Allied theater commander in Europe is not accidental. It stems from his whole-hearted acceptance of the principle of civilian supremacy in policy matters and from his ability to get cooperation among partners of divergent national interests. When Eisenhower was selected as Allied theater commander in 1942, there were many soldiers with greater military experience, but few had given

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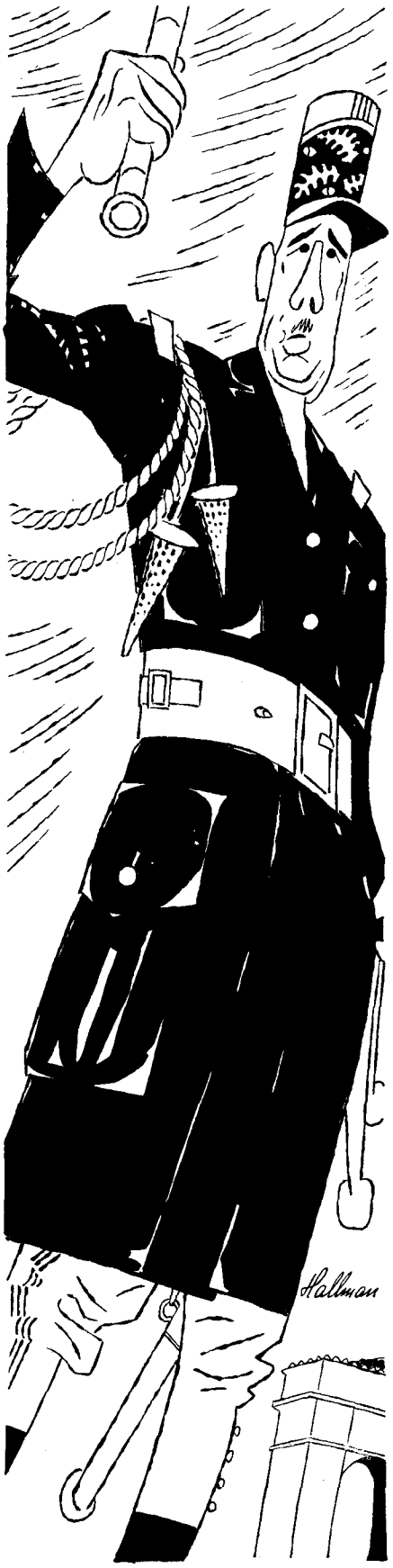

as much attention to the problem of a unified command in a coalition war as he had.

It was during the between-the-wars years that Eisenhower became convinced that the kind of coordinate command set up by Marshal Foch in 1918 would not meet the requirements of future war. Nothing less than a unified command would suffice. He embodied some of his ideas in the directive that set up, in January, 1942, the Allied Southeast Asia Command, which was one of the forerunners of MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Command. Eisenhower's contribution was the concept of a joint staff with officers of both nationalities in alternate layers of authority, the whole to be fused together like a plywood board. Unfortunately, the joint staff did not have the opportunity to prove itself in Southeast Asia. The first successful model was operated in North Africa.

There were no criteria or standards for the selection of a theater commander in 1942. The problems of such a command had never been dealt with in staff colleges, nor could the governments concerned hold war games to test candidates. The man chosen had to be a competent, tough-minded soldier, whose firmness had to be paralleled by ability to persuade on the policymaking level. Tact, fairness, and selflessness were as vitally necessary as military skill. During his service in the Operations Division of the War Department General Staff, Eisenhower had convinced General Marshall that he had all the qualities required for such a command. In the months he spent in Britain prior to the North African campaign, Eisenhower won over Churchill to a similar belief.

In all these developments Eisenhower's friendly, warm personality was an important factor. Like General Marshall, he radiated a ruddy glow of health and vigor. He spoke swiftly and incisively, with a sure sense of the right word or phrase, to either a head of state or the lowliest private in the rear rank. He seemed to shed troubles as a tin roof sheds rain. While other officers at the Louisiana maneuvers of 1941 were developing ulcers, Eisenhower remained good-humored and tranquil. No one mistook his friendly manner for weakness more than once; he could be as crushing as a Kansas tornado.

Eisenhower once described himself as "the most optimistic man in the world." Congenital pessimism may have some value in the lower ranks of a staff, particularly in G-2, but it has no place in the makeup of a theater commander. Eisenhower never wavered in his fixed belief that the German armies in western Europe could be met and defeated in battle. He constantly championed the cause of a cross-Channel invasion of France. Eisenhower's infectious confidence has been the chief explanation for the initial achievements in setting up a North Atlantic defense force.

His first achievement as theater commander was to form a truly joint staff for the North African operation. British and American officers were placed in alternate levels of responsibility, and unity was attained after three months of solid effort. Staff sections in disagreement were virtually locked in their rooms until they could arrive at a solution. Courtesy was obligatory, not optional, at Norfolk House. Americans were told to get along with the British or go home on a slow boat. Once a policy was adopted no officer was expected to sound off in public against it, and none did.

The leadership problems in North Africa were difficult and complex. Eisenhower had to conduct an operation initially described as purely American but in which the British units greatly outnumbered our own. He had to see that the communiqués gave each ally its proper share of the credit. He had to bring into the Tunisian command arrangements the victorious team of Alexander and Montgomery. This took some doing, because Montgomery, always an extreme individualist, was then riding higher than ever. In reputation he towered over the less-well-known Allied commanders whose forces had suffered reverses in the winter fighting. Eisenhower was insistent that in the final offensive in Tunisia, General Kenneth Anderson's British First Army and Omar N. Bradley's U.S. II Corps be given vital roles. These had borne the heaviest burden of the Tunisian war, and he wanted them to have the satisfaction of playing key roles in the final kill. Some observers persisted in believing that Eisenhower was merely a window dummy in the immense headquarters at Algiers. But, as one

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commander told Drew Middleton: "Ike runs this show. If you don't think so when you arrive, you damn soon find it out."

Perhaps the greatest innovation Eisenhower made in North Africa was in his treatment of the press. He took correspondents into his confidence and gave them solid advance information on pending operations. He actually told them the approximate date and general outlines of the invasion of Sicily, saying that newspapermen were as important to the successful conduct of a war as staff officers—and had to have adequate briefing. Newsmen accustomed to MacArthur's purple pabulum or to Montgomery's showmanlike nonsense found Eisenhower a delightful change.

Eisenhower's example of conducting war for Allied rather than American objectives was so contagious that after he left the Mediterranean theater, his British successor, Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, was chided by Churchill on one occasion for being more American than Mark Clark. Not all American officers approved Eisenhower's "Allied" leadership in North Africa and Italy. Some felt that he was "Britain's best general," and said so.

Eisenhower never challenged the Administration on matters of strategy or politics except through channels. Neither did General Mark Clark, who disagreed sharply with Allied policy in the Italian and Mediterranean theaters.

In contrast to General MacArthur's recent statement that "there should be no nonprofessional interference in the handling of troops in a campaign," Eisenhower accepted the decisions made by the British and American governments about the use of gas, about the employment of French forces in various campaigns, and in regard to the bombing of Rome. Though he was a professional soldier, Eisenhower understood the home folks' point of view well enough to protest when General Montgomery refused to let General A. C. McNaughton, who had trained the Canadian Army Corps, visit one of its divisions in Sicily.

If the British outnumbered the Americans in North Africa, the reverse was to be the case in Normandy and France. Though the British government had repeatedly approved the launching of OVERLORD, Churchill was always finding new reasons for feeling that the operation might prove unnecessary. No commander ever spent as much time convincing a political leader that an operation already agreed upon should take place as Eisenhower did with Churchill. It is a pity that the rhetoric exchanged was not recorded. One seven-hour session between the two probably set a record for military debate in modern times.

It was inevitable that Churchill should lose these protracted arguments with Eisenhower, because he chose to put forward what were essentially political reasons for changes in agreed-upon plans as if they were military reasons. It is misleading and malicious to assert, as some British critics have, that Eisenhower's views always prevailed because he had the U.S. Joint Chiefs in his pocket, and if the Prime Minister did not agree, the Joint Chiefs would take their landing craft home to the Pacific and refuse to play ball in Europe.

The whole argumentative process necessary to launch OVERLORD had to be repeated with ANVIL or DRAGOON, the invasion of southern France. Eisenhower had two predominate reasons for insisting on ANVIL. It was a necessary part of his program for a broad-front advance against Germany, and he wanted a place where the reconstituted French forces could fight for the recovery of their own country. Where Churchill was thinking predominately of Britain, Eisenhower was also taking French interests into consideration. It was typical of Eisenhower's concern for French feelings that when Paris fell he and Bradley arranged for General Jacques Leclerc's 2nd French Armored Division to make the triumphal entry. His handling of General Charles de Gaulle when the Germans' Alsatian offensive temporarily menaced Strasbourg in January, 1945, was a model of tact and firmness. When de Gaulle threatened to employ the French armed forces independently if Strasbourg was not defended to the last ditch, Eisenhower gently reminded him that in that case the French forces would receive no more ammunition or supplies from Allied depots. But he softened the blow by adding that Strasbourg would be defended if possible and that no further withdrawals would be made in that area.

One problem that faced Eisenhower in 1942-1945 will surely plague him in his new assignment. It stemmed from the immense disparity between the pro-

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ductive capacity of the United States and its allies. It was his delicate task to see that America's contribution in the realm of matériel to the joint war effort was accorded proper weight in the formulation of policy without conveying the impression that we were dictating policy on that account.

In the final days of the war, Eisenhower had his last divergence of views with Churchill. As the end of German resistance grew near, Churchill agreed that changes should be made in the direction of Allied advances. He wanted Allied troops to enter Berlin ahead of the Russians if possible. Eisenhower, on the other hand, was concerned with the possibility of prolonged German resistance in the so-called "national redoubt" area. He refused to alter military plans for political reasons, a fact which has caused some critics, wiser after the event, to charge him with having "lost the peace."

In 1951 Eisenhower faces all the difficulties of 1942-1945 with many added complications. He has to achieve unity between many allies who differ in language, traditions, and economic interests more sharply than Britain and the United States. In 1942-1945 the Allies were held together by the common dangers of a hot war. Today some nations in western Europe can still cherish illusions of escape through appeasement or accommodation as long as the cold war persists. Nor does General Eisenhower enjoy the complete political support at home which he had in the Second World War. He must accomplish a tremendous job of salesmanship before he can carry out his real work of unification.

His fresh mind, his selflessness, and contagious confidence have already made a deep impression on leaders in Europe and Washington. He is, as Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi of Italy has pointed out, the least militaristic of all generals.

Because of his personal and political prestige, and because of the unsettled conditions in western Europe, General Eisenhower is probably in a better position than any other theater commander to be offered the opportunity to command his theater "politically, economically, and militarily." No general is less likely to take advantage of that opportunity.

—H. A. DeWeerd

Germany: Year Six Of the Peace

My first memory of Germany is of darkness, the roar of the car's engine, and the headlights exploring the gray road like a tunnel in the night.

It was the winter of 1948-1949, and I was on my way to Frankfurt over the back roads of the Rhineland, seeking the Rhine bridge that led to the Frankfurt-Mannheim Autobahn, the spine of Allied occupation on the far bank. I was alone on the road, and the country was black and empty.

When I got to the Rhine the bridge was down, but there was a ferry, and the ferryman assured me that just on the other side I would find the Autobahn. My car lurched and slithered through the mudholes on the far bank, and then, suddenly, I was up on the smooth highway in the brilliantly lighted world of the occupation.

An Army convoy rumbled ahead with a train of light showering all about it. A jeep, headlights blazing, roared past me. I passed two American sedans in five minutes, their white occupation plates highly visible. The lights increased steadily until they reached the huge constellation at the Rhein-Main airbase outside Frankfurt. That was the airlift winter, and the red and green wing lights of the planes rose in never-ending procession from the yellow runway lamps.

My map told me names of towns in the darkness on either side where Germans lived, their hopes, wants, and thoughts sealed in mystery.

This year I came to Germany by daylight. The customs barrier across the road at the frontier bore a huge, familiar red disk: *"Trink Coca-Cola—Eiskalt!"* The guards, new-uniformed in green, were now German. Kaiserslautern, the first town after the frontier, had a glistening new supermarket. The Rhine bridge was repaired; the roads were smooth and rutless. And American cars were lost in the flow of German vehicles—trucks towing two and three trailers, new Kapitäns, Volkswagen, Mercedes-Benzes. At night, the towns blazed with light.

I spent four weeks driving through the bright new Germany this year, but beyond the Autobahn, in daylight as in darkness, the hopes, passions, and restless wanting of the Germans were still sealed in mystery.

These years since the blockade and currency reform have been healing years for Germany.

When I first arrived, cigarettes were currency—two of them the proper tip for a meal. Today cigarettes are sold from slot machines on the corners in all big German cities. In 1949 the new currency was a subject of endless discussion: "Is the D-mark worth thirty cents? Twenty cents? Six cents? Or nothing?" The D-mark is now the hardest money in western Europe outside Switzerland. It is worth a quarter and buys fifty cents in services.

West Germany grinds out twenty-five per cent more industrial products than it did in 1936, when Hitler had established his "prosperity." Germany is producing steel at the rate of 12 million tons a year (only four years ago the Allies covenanted that Germany should never again pour more than 5.8 million tons annually). Germany produced 193,000 passenger cars last year, more than in 1936; it produced 2.5 million radios, twice as many as in an average prewar year.

But when you stand back to study it, you see that this is a prosperity gradually and inexorably going bankrupt, depending on the credit that Germany can wheedle or demand from its neighbors. It is, most of all, a divided prosperity. Since currency reform

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Konrad Adenauer

brought Germany back to the normality of money, the communion of misery which bound Germans together until 1948 has ended. Germany is now, again, made up of rich and poor, wage-earners and businessmen, bankers and their debtors.

The political recovery has struck just as sharply and as bafflingly.

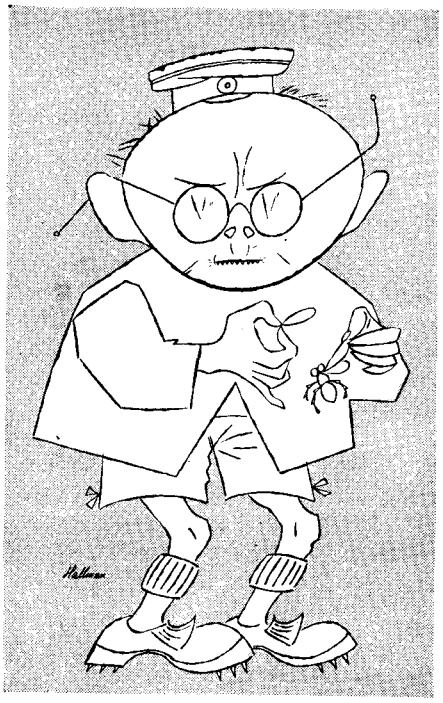
In 1948, German government was a soup of alphabet—OMGUS, ECA, JEIA, GARIOA, BICO—spelling out the conquerors' will. Bonn was a drowsy river town where a handful of Germans were droning through the words of a new constitution.

In the spring of 1949 I spent several days at Bonn. The makers of the constitution had set themselves up in a girls' normal school on the bank of the Rhine. In the classrooms, their committees debated amiably, without heat or passion, as became sixty-five mild-mannered men, thirty-seven of whom could call themselves Herr Doktor and seven Herr Professor Doktor. They held their plenary sessions in the school auditorium still equipped with its blond furniture, and took their coffee with cream and their pastries in the old school restaurant. A cheerful public-relations man in the pressroom was the custodian of the file of designs that Germans were mailing in for their new flag—stars, crosses, bands, Prussian eagles. On the lawn by the Rhine, a dirty gray sheep munched the scraggly grass.

The gentlemen of Bonn were easy to see two years ago. One called Adenauer in the morning, and the old man found time in the afternoon. No one had to hunt out Carlo Schmid, the Socialist chieftain of the constitution makers, for he would often shuffle around to the journalists' room. His polished phrases and catching barbs made for delightful interviews.

Bonn has changed. The normal school has now thrust a new wing south, another north; above it snaps the new flag—a banner of black, red, gold stripes. Within, a great hall has been hollowed out to provide the most beautiful parliamentary meeting space in Europe. Two glass walls opening on the Rhine flood it with light. The deputies sit in chairs of polished green leather. Blue-and-white signs point the way from the Capitol to the flourishing office buildings that house new ministries. Schoolteachers lead files of children on visits. The lawn has been terraced, and umbrellas shade tables on the terrace for the legislators. The dirty gray sheep has disappeared.

Even the occupation has come to Bonn. The British and the French High Commissioners now live in its suburbs. Just outside the city five hundred apartments are being hammered together to house the staff of the U.S. High Commission, which will move up from Frankfurt in the fall. American correspondents are scrambling to go to Bonn (where housing is utterly unavailable for them and their families) because Bonn is where the news comes from today.



"... a dirty little orphan boy ..."

Every alteration in Allied policy, whether decided in Paris, London, or Washington, seems to take on a new dimension in Bonn.

The collapse of Germany was not only that of a state, but of every individual who hung a sheet from his upstairs window to proclaim his personal surrender to the Allied combat troops. To the shattering of spirit was added physical exhaustion.

For six years the Germans have been mending slowly—in spirit and in flesh. This mending, as yet far from complete, has had only one goal—to re-establish Germany as a completely self-governing, unfettered nation. Political differences are merely differences of tactics in removing the discipline the Allies have imposed. All present political parties, except perhaps the Socialists, are as impermanent as the first scab on a deep wound. How long any of them will survive, and in what form, is the most important question not only of German but of European politics.

This German pressure has been as steady and constant as the occupation has been changing and unsure. Allied policy has passed from the one of intemperate punishment, to relief of misery, to the final, full effort to make Germany a fighting ally. At each period of change, the Germans have instinctively stepped in to occupy each area of withdrawal long before the withdrawal was recognized or formalized.

A tired official of the American occupation tried to sum up the story for me when I first arrived in Germany several years ago. He said:

"When we got here we found a dirty little orphan boy called Germany, and we started to teach him that Crime Doesn't Pay. Then we got interested in this little boy who was hungry and cold and whom nobody loved. We couldn't decide whether to punish him, nurse him, or put him in school for a long time. Well, now it seems this little boy can help us, maybe he can carry the water pail, or push the truck, or even carry a gun if we need him. He's worth something to us. We just hope he still doesn't want to go behind the barn and pull the wings off flies."

Now the metaphor has to be changed:

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Today Germany can be described as an adolescent. Each time a new suit of policy is fitted to him, he outgrows it before he has worn it through. The past six months particularly have been a period of such rapid German growth toward sovereignty that it is almost impossible to define from any of the statute books or written arguments just where Allied control leaves off and German political power begins.

The catch phrase now is "contractual relations." Under military government all power lay in the military occupation except what was specifically granted local German authorities. Under the early High Commission, the German Bundestag passed laws which were not valid until after a twenty-one-day period in which the High Commission might exercise its right of veto; today, the laws are binding immediately unless subsequently vetoed by the High Commission. (In the first twenty months of the new arrangement only three laws passed by the German Bundestag were vetoed.) Last fall, Allies and Germans began discussions of a new relationship to be consummated this summer. Germany will assume certain "contractual obligations" to its former conquerors. Later their legates will become Ambassadors. The occupation will end.

So fluid is the relationship between the occupation and Germany that policy can be traced better by episodes than decisions.

Thus this February, Bonn witnessed the odd spectacle of General Jean Ganeval's rounds. General Ganeval, French member of the Allied Military Security Board, would cross the Rhine from Bonn in the morning to the hilltop Petersberger Hof. There he would sit in conference with his Allied colleagues and two German generals, Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger, discussing with them the problems of German *remilitarization*. Then, Ganeval would drive down the hill, cross the Rhine to Bonn, and in the afternoon take his seat as a member of the Military Security Board to discuss with his colleagues the *demilitarization* of Germany. (Generals Speidel and Heusinger were technically engaging in criminal activities. A still-valid Occupation Law makes it illegal for any German general staff officer to discuss, plan, or take any action calculated to restore Germany's military strength.)

A year ago, one could read the story of German occupation at the beautiful Petersberger Hof, where the Allied High Commission met. Every three or four weeks, the three High Commissioners would agree to meet Konrad Adenauer atop the hill. Adenauer would arrive from Bonn, flanked by two aides carrying briefcases, to explain to the Allies what the Bonn government was willing to do if the Allies could see their way clear to doing such and so.

Adenauer now sees the three Allied High Commissioners separately, dealing with them one by one, as Germany's Foreign Minister and Chancellor. At night the lights of Petersberger Hof still burn from the busy offices, but it is a rare day that the doors swing open to greet Adenauer. This year, when I visited Bonn, Adenauer was paying his first visit to the hill in three months—as a luncheon guest.

The great and inexorable pressure within Germany is to the slow, ceaseless force of economics.

No bigger than Oregon, holding forty-seven million people, West Germany contains no resources other than coal, potash, timber, low-grade iron ore, and the skills of an industrious people. It must import half its food, most of its wool, fats, oil, iron ore, all of its cotton, tea, coffee, rubber, and cocoa. Germany, like Britain, must export or perish; unlike Britain it lacks Commonwealth territories to furnish tropical raw materials to pay for what the mother country must have.

Adenauer, a wily and shrewd politician interested in ideas, compromises, and people, has little enthusiasm for the

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intricate mathematical problems of economics. These he has left to his Minister of Economics, Dr. Ludwig Erhard, a gray, pudgy, cigar-smoking former professor of economics with a deep abhorrence of controls.

Under Erhard's guidance, Germany has gone farther and faster in trade liberalization than any European country. The assumption has been that free-wheeling businessmen would import and make what Germany needed most and export goods where Germany would find its necessary exchange payments. It has not worked that way. Germany has gone hog wild on imports. Most foreign visitors are overwhelmed by the store windows bursting with tropical fruits, French perfumes, and Dutch specialties—not because they are more luxurious than the store windows of Belgium or Paris, but because of the contrast to the stark bare ruins amid which they stand. These little luxuries are, however, a tiny portion of Germany's gross deficit position. The greater part arises from raw-material imports (cotton, wool, rubber, oil) which are poured into Germany without being turned into any finished product for export.

This year, Germany has a greater deficit than any nation in western Europe. It has received $350 million of out-and-out Marshall aid. Through the European Payments Union it has sucked $450 million of credit from its European neighbors. In all, the German standard of living is sustained by roughly $800 million of help annually from the outside world.

This cannot go on. The United States is now insisting that Germany tighten the trading laws we once insisted be liberalized. This spring the German government has reluctantly been forced to set up a system of priority controls on imports, but no one can guess how they will work out. Someone in Germany must consume much less in order that Germany should export much more—but will it be the rising, politically explosive prices that limit Germany's consumption, or administrative controls and rationing? Adenauer has no plan as yet to cover this.

Prices and imports are only part of a nightmare system of national economics for which no one in Germany sees a clear solution: where to find investment capital, how to rehabilitate the dilapidated railways, what to do about housing.

All these problems are not German problems alone, but European and American problems. One can trace the development of all Allied thinking on Germany by following the story of the one master metal, steel. The Morgenthau Plan for razing German steel plants evaporated with victory. By February, 1946, the four conquering Allies had agreed to limit Germany's over-all production to 5.8 million tons a year. By 1948, the Ruhr alone was producing 7 million tons a year. Early in 1949, American steel experts estimated that, going flat out, Germany might be able, physically, to produce 10 million tons a year. By January, 1951, Germany was producing 11 million tons of steel a year.

This year the Germans are producing between 12 and 13 million tons, their current limiting factor being the amount of coke they can get in Europe's short market. But the thinking about steel has left the 13-million ton mark far behind. Here is the thinking: German production is running at about 125 per cent of the 1936 level. But plant capacity exists for a production of between 150 and 160 per cent. The bottleneck is basic industry—coal, coke, electricity, above all, steel. If the Germans could use all their plant capacity and wisely balance exports and imports, they could, at a rate of 150, cease being an object of charity for the rest of the world. To *sustain* that rate of production, however, German steel production has to be expanded, new mills built, the annual rate of crude-steel production lifted to 17 million tons. The U.S. High Commission's experts now agree with the Germans on the inevitability of this level if Germany is to live in anything like its customary manner.

Thus we come to the root problem: If West Germany is not given huge new capacity, larger than it had under Hitler, it may go hungry and democracy may wither. But if this new industrial power is created in Germany, with or without foreign capital, there is no guarantee what kind of Germany will flex the muscles.

The easiest—and truest—generalization is that we are still three or four years away from seeing what kind of Germany we shall have in the next decade.

Another set of generalities, equally true, concern the Adenauer Government: first, that it is the most docile German Government we are ever likely to know, and, secondly, that it is losing strength.

The harmony that now prevails between Adenauer and the Allied High Commission flows out of the deep and sincere Catholicism of the present German Chancellor. He is one of that cluster of postwar European statesmen, like Robert Schuman and Alcide de

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Gasperi, who have the same vision of a Europe united once again under the high arch of Christianity. Adenauer's urge toward European unity coincides perfectly with America's great desire for West European union. But Adenauer's attitude is no shallow trickery, conceived as the shrewdest approach to the conqueror. It is passionate conviction.

As the months pass, Adenauer's domestic rivals become ever more critical of this policy, for they feel that Germany's bargaining power vis-à-vis the Allies has far greater potentialities than Adenauer has ever explored. And, while attacking him for his docility in the international field, they find it even easier to attack him on the plane of daily living, where prices harden the soul of every burgher and his wife.

So Adenauer's strength fails. It fails more rapidly in Protestant than in Catholic areas. Each of the last three Länder elections has seen a sharp decline in the strength of the Christian Democratic Union, Adenauer's party. In the Bundestag, Adenauer has proved that he cannot carry the second largest coalition party, the F.D.P. (Free Democratic Party), with him on such a major issue as labor policy.

Technically, Adenauer is protected by the present German constitution. He cannot be removed from office by repudiation of the Bundestag unless that same repudiation gives some other individual a majority. And no one in the present Bundestag, except Adenauer, can even hope to get a majority. The Socialists, the second strongest party in Germany, believe that inevitably rising prices and hunger must bring strikes, riots, and discontent on such a scale that the Adenauer régime must seek new elections—which they hope will give the Socialists a majority—but even they are not sure how long that majority will last.

No one is sure. No one knows what comes next. A German journalist describing the prospects said to me: "Everybody you see at Bonn is democratic in your sense of the word. These are the good people who have always been part of Germany and were submerged by Hitler. But the other Germany, that of Hitler and of Alfred Hugenberg, the newspaper magnate who backed him, is also part of Germany, and today it's submerged. This submerged minority is coming out now. Every month it grows a little. But some day it must reach its limit. What makes it difficult is that this minority can't be divided up by districts, groups, religions, or jobs. The Hugenberg-Hitler Germany is a minority inside every German, and you can't tell what's going to happen inside the individual German. The answer will come when the occupation is over, when all the men here in Bonn are lined up on one side, and all the others lined up against them openly. Then we get real politics."

Germany thus is mystery piled on mystery. Germany is the state of collective abnormalities, a state harboring divided and vast groups of people, each with an unpredictable set of impulses. Take three examples: first, the three and a half million German women whose lives are wrecked because the war destroyed the men they should marry. Second, the estimated three million German families living in ruins or temporary shelter. Third, the seven million refugees from East Germany, one out of seven of the whole population, whose future political habits baffle Germany's wisest seers.

In Germany, a visitor can set up the facts in parallel rows, the good and the bad, to total bewilderment. The trade unions have grown swiftly and conducted themselves with outstanding decency. The Amerika-Häuser, offering weekly cross-sections of American art, music, lectures, ideas, magazines, are unbelievably crowded with sweaty, shabby people. The German press has some first-class democratic papers. But anti-Semitism smolders, and anti-Semitic riots still flicker; no reading is more popular than the memoirs of the Nazi bigwigs; pornography is at a postwar peak; the German steel industry insists on master control of Europe's coke surplus.

This bewilderment is, perhaps, the most accurate picture of Germany, for the Germans are most bewildered of all. Neither Chancellor Adenauer nor the Bonn Government has excited them, has brought pennants, banners, inspiration into their gray ruins. Some Germans have been sold deeply on the idea of European unity. Others will give Kurt Schumacher's Socialists a chance. Many intellectuals think that what Germany needs is a government of technicians and experts who will make "efficiency" an end in itself.

But the greatest question mark is the number who are listening for men like Reger. When I was in Lower Saxony this spring a local politician called Reger, of the Nazi-like Socialist Reich Party, had just been wildly cheered for a new speech. He said that movies of the concentration camps that the Allies had forced the Germans to see after the war were fakes. The sets had been built in Hollywood. As for the shots of the lifeless bodies—those were the bodies of German dead. They had died in the savage bombing of Dresden by American planes. How did he know? Because a Dresden doctor, a friend of his, had gone to see those movies and actually recognized himself as he walked through the film among the Dresden dead.

When the Bonn constitution was being written, a German newspaper ran an eye-catching cartoon. A German stood in a tailor shop waiting to be fitted for his new constitutional suit. On the wall hung several costumes out of history. One was labeled "Model Lohengrin" and bore the spiked imperial helmet, the eagle of the Hohenzollerns, the spurred boots of the Kaiser's Empire. Another was marked "Model Weimar"—the striped pants and morning cutaways of the German politicians of the Weimar Republic. The third was labeled "Model Adolf"—the full Nazi marching uniform complete with swastika and SS boots. The customer, examining the three models, was saying to his tailor: "This time, give me something a little different."

Now, in the late spring of 1951, the Germans are still in the tailor shop, trying models. —THEODORE H. WHITE

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The Underground Jurists Of Communist Germany

The Communist Cabinet of East Germany met secretly in a large room in the forbidding gray edifice that was once Hermann Goering's Air Ministry. The building was heavily guarded by blue-uniformed People's Police and less conspicuous men, in civilian clothes, who belong to the State Security Service. The meeting was presided over by Otto Grotewohl, the tired-looking apostate Socialist who yielded to Communist pressure in 1946 and was made Prime Minister. There was quick, unanimous agreement on decisions that had already been made by the nine-man East German Politburo in accordance with a line laid down in Moscow. Stenographers made a verbatim report of the proceedings.

Forty-eight hours later, in a large villa in the west Berlin suburb of Zehlendorf, the stenographers' report was being studied by Dr. Theo Friedenau, the forty-year-old former corporation lawyer who directs the most efficient and effective underground movement in eastern Europe. The next day, various officials in west Berlin and in the West German government at Bonn were informed of the latest plans of the East German régime. One way or another, this information would help the West Germans in their struggle against Communism.

It was no accident that Dr. Friedenau received a highly secret report from the East German equivalent of the Kremlin. In eighteen months this pleasant-mannered, energetic man, whose sideburns and receding hairline make him an improbable-looking resistance leader, has built up an organization that has penetrated every branch of the East German administration. The members of his group—the "Investigating Committee of Free Jurists of the Soviet Zone"—include Cabinet Ministers of all five *Länder,* or states, of East Germany. There are Free Jurists high in the secret police, the police force (a disguised army), the courts, and the Ministries of the German Democratic Republic—the satellite state's official name. Several directors of nationalized factories, as well as many top men in the Socialist Unity (Communist) Party itself, are Free Jurists.

Last October 15, the twelve million voters of East Germany "elected" a People's Chamber, or parliament. The four hundred candidates all got in with a smashing 99.71 per cent vote. These candidates had survived a weeding-out process designed to eliminate all who might be lukewarm about Communism or the Soviet Union. The system looked foolproof. Yet six of the successful candidates were members of the Free Jurists. Dr. Friedenau told me: "We could have had three times that number, but we thought six would be enough. You see, they had to make public speeches in favor of a system they loathed."

Of the seven thousand members of the Free Jurists, 1,400 are in positions of responsibility in East Germany. Every day, the Berlin headquarters receives about 150 reports from the Soviet Zone. Many have fake return addresses and are signed with code names. They go to a large number of cover addresses in west Berlin. The organization has members in the postal administration, who tip off the others when there is going to be a thorough check of the mails.

A typical report is contained in this

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chatty letter ostensibly written by a young Communist girl in East Germany to a friend in west Berlin:

Seehausen, March 18, 1951

Dear Armgard:

Today I want to wish you a very happy Easter. I hope you enjoy your holidays, as far as that is possible in your Berlin. My great wish is once more that you will soon be liberated by us. Our life is getting easier and lovelier every day. Recently I again visited our relatives in Haldensleben. I was amazed to see how full the early morning train was and the explanation was not long in coming; just half of the passengers were transferred to trucks and taken to Born for the construction of a large airfield. It is a shame, but we must be prepared for the defense of peace.

Unfortunately we can't go to Gardelegen any more because the tracks are to be used for a line to by-pass Berlin. That way at least the many visitors to Berlin from the East Zone will not have to pass through the pernicious West sectors. You see—that is the march of progress here. Unfortunately my brother Max was among the two hundred workers who were dropped last Saturday by the great Polte Works in Magdeburg, because there was no more iron. That is a terrible thing for our Five Year Plan. The masons, too, come back every evening from Magdeburg no richer than when they went in the morning. That's also because there are no raw materials.

I hope to see you some time in the coming months. Best wishes from your old friend

Minna

This letter, packed with treasonable information, would not have got past a wide-awake censor. But Communist censors must look at a lot of letters, and many would not have bothered to read past the first three sentences.

Some information has to be delivered orally. An East German official, in a public phone booth in west Berlin, dials the number of the Free Jurists and says: "This is Siegfried" (or whatever). A meeting is arranged at a private address in one of the western sectors of the city. It is too dangerous for well-known people to come openly to the Free Jurists' headquarters, but there are about a hundred visitors there every day—people from East Germany who have something to report, who fear that their property or personal safety is in danger and want advice, or who are interested in joining the organization.

The Committee of Free Jurists makes a business of the discovery, registration, prevention, and punishment of crimes committed as political acts. In a safe in the group's headquarters is a card file containing names of four thousand Soviet Zone officials and references to folders of documents incriminating them. When enough evidence has been collected, an indictment is drawn up. There are 3,500 more cards with the names of active Communists who are not known to have committed any illegal acts.

Dr. Friedenau said: "Our struggle is not against political opponents. We are fighting an enemy concept of life, and I believe that there we have hit the most sensitive nerve of the Soviet rulers. These rulers are indicted by us on the basis of their own laws when they have committed crimes for political motives."

So far eighty-two "indictments" have been served by the committee. It acts only when it has enough evidence to make a case that would stand up in court. Its indictments have no legal standing, but the west Berlin and West German governments have agreed to use them as the basis for official indictments and to arrest anyone straying out of the Soviet Zone who has been indicted by the Free Jurists. Already two indicted East German officials who had to flee to the West have been arrested and are awaiting trial.

Every such indictment is publicized. Other Communist officials as well as members of the underground receive an information letter listing the counts of each indictment. Posters and leaflets are distributed throughout the Soviet Zone. The men who are indicted do not laugh it off.

Finance Minister Hans Loch refused an invitation to speak at a Communist propaganda rally in West Germany, saying: "I am under indictment by the Committee of Free Jurists and I don't want to get myself arrested."

After an indictment was sent to Fritz Lange, who is in charge of the confiscation and nationalization of private property, he said he would no longer drive on the autobahns in East Germany because he might be picked up by western agents and taken to Berlin for trial.

The top Communist in Germany, Walter Ulbricht, has a fat dossier in the files of the committee and will soon be indicted—possibly before this

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article appears in print. The committee has not yet indicted President Wilhelm Pieck or Prime Minister Grotewohl. It does not intend to follow the precedent set at the Nuremberg trial of Nazi leaders and prosecute the top Communists as members of a conspiracy. It wants to try them individually for specific acts that violate their own laws.

Every important official in East Germany receives letters from the Free Jurists warning him against violating the law, telling him that it will be no excuse to say he had orders to do so, and warning him that his actions are being watched. Mutual suspicion is bred among the Communists themselves. Many fanatical Communists have been purged on suspicion of belonging to the underground. The atmosphere of doubt and mistrust which the Communists know so well how to cultivate has been created in their midst.

Many prefer to play it safe by not carrying out illegal instructions. They know that some day they may be called upon to account for their actions. They know, too, that some day they may seek refuge in the West as victims of a new purge. They do not want to be "welcomed" in the free West with an indictment and a jail sentence. The fact that an increasing number of officials fear carrying out illegal orders is making it harder and harder for the Communists to execute their policies.

The most amazing part of the story of this underground movement is its near-perfect security record. Of the 1,400 top members, only three have been caught by the East German police. One was rescued. The Free Jurists found out when he was going to be taken from jail to police headquarters for questioning, and several underground members attacked his guards and enabled him to escape. He is now safe in West Germany.

Many other people, some of them important Communists, have been arrested and jailed on charges of belonging to the underground movement. In these cases the secret police became aware of leaks of information, made a stab in the dark, and hit the wrong people. In a typical case, some vital information leaks out from, say, the Ministry of Heavy Industry. The police are ordered to find the "Criminal agents of American imperialism." If they cannot discover the "guilty" party, they pick on some person they don't like and fabricate a case against him.

The reason the Free Jurists have been able to operate so effectively is their simple and almost foolproof method of organization and recruiting. No member is supposed to know the name of any other. Only the Berlin headquarters has a complete file, and only Dr. Friedenau and two other persons have access to the safe where it is kept. Most underground movements have been organized in cells and units, which in turn are grouped by districts or regions, and so on in regular hierarchy culminating in a central directing body. If one member is picked up, he may be tortured into giving away the names of others. Or an enemy agent may infiltrate the group and betray a large number of people. Recruiting is dangerous because overtures made to the wrong men can be fatal to a whole unit.

The Free Jurists are not subject to these hazards. A few of them are bound to be caught, but they cannot betray any of their fellow members. The two who are now in jail are there because they violated one of the basic security regulations. They were friends who had come to Berlin together to join up. Later they approached a third man and tried to recruit him into the group. This man betrayed them. A Free Jurist is not supposed to do any recruiting: The Berlin headquarters takes care of that. Its recruiting letters contain warnings against being taken in by people who represent themselves as recruiting agents of the movement. Prospective members must come to Berlin to join. The Berlin headquarters is inconspicuously but carefully guarded, and not one of the hundreds of people who come in daily is known to have been picked up.

As a protection to the people on its mailing list, the committee generally prints on its information letters and circulars a notice reading: "The receipt of this or any other printed matter from the 'Investigating Committee' does not indicate in any way that the addressee is a member of the 'Free Jurists of the Soviet Zone.'" Such material goes, for instance, to several thousand judges, state prosecutors, administrators, treasury officials, and lawyers—in particular to those who are known members of the S.E.D., so that those whom it concerns cannot say later they did not realize their actions were criminal.

The Free Jurists could not operate as they do without the sanctuary of west Berlin. It should be explained that while Germans require a special interzonal pass to cross the border between West Germany and East Germany, there is no such restriction on movement between East Germany and west Berlin. Anyone may board a train in Leipzig and ride to Berlin—or vice versa—without showing anything but his identity card.

The special position of Berlin gave

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Dr. Friedenau the idea of organizing his movement with thousands of lines moving out from Berlin into the eastern zone and back, but no direct lines connecting the members. He had first tried to organize an underground movement of the conventional type, and was almost caught at it. At the end of the war in 1945, he was released by the Russians from a prison in Silesia where he had been held by the Nazis. He is half Jewish, and had been suspected of being involved in the July, 1944, plot against Hitler. Shortly after his release he settled in Thuringia, where he built up a large and profitable law practice. His firm undertook mainly the defense of people charged with political and economic "crimes."

In 1946 Dr. Friedenau organized a group of anti-Communist lawyers and officials who held meetings disguised as family or class reunions. By the beginning of 1948, when the group had over a hundred members, the secret police found out about a projected meeting and arranged to send a spy there. Dr. Friedenau was tipped off and canceled the meeting. It was then that he decided he must organize the resistance from outside the Soviet Zone. At first he got little co-operation from the west Berlin officials. For a while he circulated a leaflet entitled *Resistance* which he paid for out of his own pocket. He was eventually successful in getting financial backing from the west Berlin and West German governments, and in October, 1949, he founded the "Investigating Committee." It consisted of himself and one student; today he has a full-time staff of thirty.

The Committee of Free Jurists is as well informed on public opinion in the Soviet Zone as any Congressman is about the opinions of his constituents. It knows that whereas West Germany is largely lukewarm or even cold toward rearmament, the East Germans see in Eisenhower's army a hope of ridding themselves of their oppressors. In Dr. Friedenau's anteroom I heard a young woman say: "This régime must be kicked out and it must be done with force because they will never go voluntarily." Among the daily visitors to the West Berlin headquarters there are invariably a number of youths who say: "We would like to join up in a western army. Put down our names and we will come when you call us."

To dramatize the feelings of the East Germans about western rearmament, Dr. Friedenau sent an open letter to Pastor Martin Niemöller, who has, rightly or wrongly, come to be regarded as a symbol of German neutralism, pacifism, and defeatism. Dr. Friedenau wrote Niemöller:

"You have in repeated declarations taken a stand against the 'remilitarism' of West Germany . . . You may be

surprised to know that your efforts have not found the response you hoped for in the Soviet Zone population, and that the greater part of the Protestant and Catholic Christians do not understand you and have even been angered. You may also be surprised that the ordinarily very anti-Church Politburo of the S.E.D. finds words of appreciation for you. . . .

"The people of the Soviet Zone are bitterly disappointed in you. . . ."

The ultimate aim of the Free Jurists' Committee is to weaken the structure of the Soviet-type state in East Germany. The members confidently expect the day will come when the Communist régime will be swept away, and on that day they intend to provide evidence to convict the Communist leaders. At these trials, they say, there will be no question, as there was at Nuremberg, of *ex post facto* law, of conspiracy or mass guilt, or of a trial of the vanquished by the victors. The top Communists will be tried by other Germans, on the basis of their own laws, for recognized crimes like murder and theft. While these crimes have been and are being committed with political motives, the accused will be judged not for their politics but for their crimes.

In the meantime, the Free Jurists' Committee claims to have saved East Germans thousands of years in prison sentences either through the presence of its own members in the courts or by exerting pressure on other judges. It has, by timely warnings, prevented many arrests, including those of its own members.

The Free Jurists have cost the East German government millions of marks. Frequently, the régime uses illegal, exorbitant taxes as a device for forcing private firms into bankruptcy and preparing the way for their nationalization. By its instructions to tax officials to stick to the letter of the law, the underground has been able to block many such maneuvers by the Communist government.

One of the most successful actions undertaken by the Free Jurists is their effort on behalf of the twenty-five thousand political prisoners in the jails and labor camps of the Soviet Zone. They have appealed to institutions and individuals in the West to "adopt" one or more prisoners by putting up the money to send them packages and take care of their relatives. When this action was initiated, skeptics thought it would result only in reprisals against the prisoners. It actually had the opposite effect. By throwing the spotlight of publicity on conditions in the East German prisons, the Free Jurists embarrassed the Communists, who were posing as the angels of peace and German unity. There were anguished reports from the West German Communists saying that their propaganda was being nullified by the publicity about political prisoners in East Germany. To offset this publicity, President Pieck had to pardon and release six hundred.

American officials have been strangely uninterested in the activities of the Free Jurists. Although the United States is fully alive to the danger of the fifth columns that are the Communist Parties of western Europe and Asia, Americans still do not realize that two can play at that game. Yet, in the opinion of shrewd observers in Berlin, the Committee of Free Jurists is a more effective subversive force than any western Communist Party.

—Russell Hill

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Britain: 'Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year'

"*Spring will be a little late this year.*" I never knew the rest of that foolish, haunting lyric that was popular in 1944, or whether it originated in Britain or America. But that line has continually recurred to me. It may have been inspired by Shelley's "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" It approaches nearer, though, to the attitude of British men and women over the last six years because there has never been any moment when one could say, "Here is a point where I stop to adjust myself and consider on what I can base my hopes."

There has been a steady flood of change; some have been swimming with the flood, some against it, but all have accepted it as a natural, if exhausting, condition. Mr. Churchill's "sunlit uplands" are somewhere; the spring sun will reveal them, but spring will be a little late.

Volumes could be, and certainly will be, written on the changes to which the British have been trying to adapt themselves: the changed condition of the middle classes; the dissolution of the British Empire; the reversion from an island center of world power to the conception of an island, though an important one, off the continent of Europe; the emergence of the United States as the predominant power; the controls on individual activity; the welfare state.

By 1945 we had become so used to a wintry life that with all the bottled-up yearning of five and a half years was coupled the thought that maybe spring would never come. As the end drew near, all the subconscious things began to show themselves—the sublimated fear of death, the anxiety that what we were fighting for might never be realized with victory. There was no sense of exhilaration as the enemy crumbled; when victory came, it brought no great cry of relief. The horror from which we had been relieved was too great for comprehension, so the relief itself was incomprehensible.

On the night of peace in London, I, with my small son (now fighting Communist irregulars in Malaya), sat down on one of the temporary bridges over the Thames. The sweep of the river gleamed with the reflected illumination of the buildings, and the murmur of the crowds was subdued. I remember saying that I was glad a return to "normal" was not possible, because to regard as normal the peaceful, civilized, intelligent life we Anglo-Saxons desired was to disregard the quarreling, cruelty, selfishness, and stupidity that was the norm for most of the world—and, one might say without cynicism, for ourselves too.

Well, that was a practical, if rather dismal, approach to peace with victory. We had our general election: Admittedly, the size of the Labour majority was larger than expected, but in spite of the prophecies that no country could ever be so ungrateful as to discard Mr. Churchill, the swing-over was natural enough. The people, as they had often done before, wanted a change and got it. They then settled down to the melancholy prospect of living materially rather worse than they had during the war. The shortage of consumer goods remained; the food was somewhat worse; the queues were just as long. Periodically, some Minister would tell us how the world watched with admiration the British people, who, after enduring the war, were now ready to tighten their belts indefinitely, keep stiff upper lips, and use all their elbow grease (since few other

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fats were available) in the winning of the peace. In other words, we were reminded *ad nauseam* that "Britain can take it." At first this seemed all very fine; no one expected that peace would suddenly bring plenty. But "taking it" in the sense of refusing to give up in the face of violent assault and death was very different from "taking," without protest, a dreary existence in which the only prospect was more belt-tightening.

A great deal too much has been made of our being tired. It has been brought forward to excuse our apathy, our inefficiency, our rudeness, our bad food, and our shabbiness during this period. It has been held out as almost a national asset, a legacy to be proud of. It is true we were tired; what was deplorable was our being persuaded that there was virtue in it.

I have a strong recollection of the tide's turning. On top of everything else, the winter of 1946-1947 was very severe. Influenza was rampant; pipes froze; drains were blocked; in London there were queues for water and water closets; and, after glib assertions from the Minister of Fuel and Power that all was going well, electricity was cut off. But when it was over, there was a different feeling in the air. People, fed up with everything else, all at once became fed up with being fed up. If uninspired government could not help them, then they must help themselves. To paraphrase Mr. Churchill's wartime exclamation, they said, "What sort of people do they think we are?" and proceeded to show it. The Government took the cue and from then on tried to improve its methods. Labour has been widely criticized, particularly of course by the Conservatives, for the dull regimentation and more or less oppressive legislation that it introduced or continued. But few thoughtful people really believed that the Conservatives could have done otherwise.

The people of the middle class—in Britain a wonderfully vague designation—have throughout borne the brunt of change most acutely. They cover almost every known type and occupation between the working class and the very small circle of truly aristocratic families. For the purpose of convenience, in a land which has an almost infinite number of class distinctions even among the working class, the middle class is divided into "upper" and "lower." From the upper have come the clergy, the lawmakers, the explorers, the men who sometimes by mistake and sometimes intentionally built the British Empire, and the soldiers and sailors who preserved it, the artists, and also a good many Socialists. From the lower came the small shopkeepers who built up their businesses on sound foundations. And these filtered up and down and preserved the virility of a wide class that has been one of the great influences in British life.

It is true that they have always been very "British," rather smug, sometimes boneheaded (even when they were intellectual); and to foreigners their self-confidence often has seemed irritating and incomprehensible. But their quality, though this may seem a challengeable thing to say of a whole class, has lain in their honesty. They had a code of behavior which made them trustworthy. "My dear fellow, it simply isn't done," sums up their attitude toward any dubious action, private or public.

All of this sounds curiously old-fashioned. Manners, it is claimed, are out of date. It is true that they are not what they were. But if anyone is to preserve them, it will be the middle classes.

The middle classes were the first worms to turn in the spring of 1947; the sour jokes of angry resignation changed to an easier humor and a desire for activity to an awareness that regrets were fruitless. The working class—a title that has become somewhat of a euphemism in Britain, where almost everyone else works just as hard and usually harder—became less depressed in its attitude. Its members' wages were rising steadily; they were living better than they had ever done before—as they had a right to.

With the revival of vitality, the outside world with all its implications again began to impinge on British consciousness. Until now, Britons had been so occupied with day-to-day chores and petty restrictions on their activities, whether it was queueing, coupons, or making endless returns on buff-colored government forms, that they were generally indifferent to the historical changes affecting their island.

When India achieved independence within the Commonwealth, there was considerable commotion within the limited circle of those who were connected with the subcontinent either through years of armed or civil service or business. For the rest, the size of the Sunday roast was equally important. But India inspired a wider realization that things were not as they had been.

The same applies to the emergence of the United States as the great world power, though for this people were much better prepared. The millions of Americans who stayed in or passed through Britain during the war had a profound effect on our attitude. Anything unpleasant that happened then, and it was little enough, has long been forgotten in the warmth of personal

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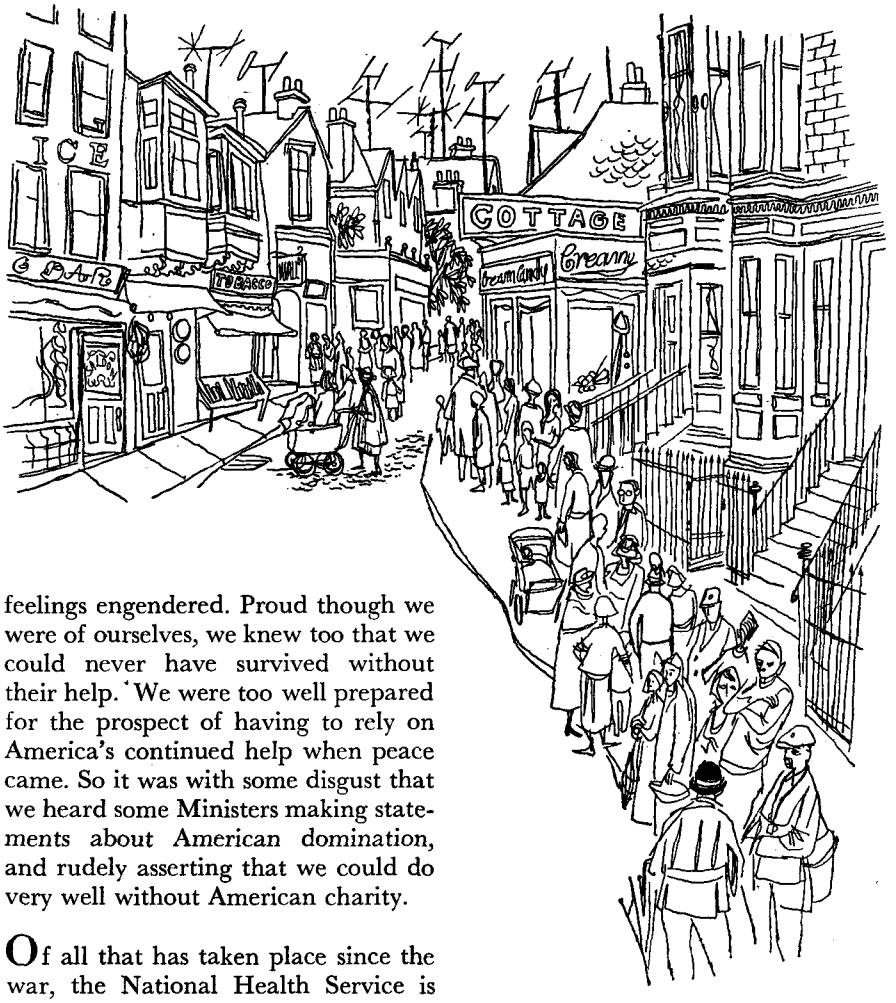

feelings engendered. Proud though we were of ourselves, we knew too that we could never have survived without their help. We were too well prepared for the prospect of having to rely on America's continued help when peace came. So it was with some disgust that we heard some Ministers making statements about American domination, and rudely asserting that we could do very well without American charity.

Of all that has taken place since the war, the National Health Service is perhaps the most significant, not for itself but for what it implies. It covers the span of a man's life from cradle to grave. Not only does it give every conceivable form of medical attention free, but it ensures that no man or woman (unless he or she happens to be an employer or self-employed) need ever want for the vital necessities of life.

This is a very great and admirable thing. The fact that it was introduced all in one piece before the country or the administrative machinery was capable of dealing with so vast a scheme, the fact that its facilities have been widely abused, and that it is costing far more than was estimated (and in this year's budget had to be modified) does not in any way detract from its ultimate value. It is as humane as it was inevitable. But, and this can only be answered by the years, what effect will it have on our state of mind? It is a manifestation, and perhaps the most praiseworthy, of the welfare state. But "welfare" is associated in Britain with paupers, orphanages, and down-and-outers; it is a pauperizing word.

The opposition which a great many people felt to the NHS was a difficult one to make vocal because to do so would have suggested an inhumane attitude. But it was a real anxiety that it might undermine individual endeavor and independence. It was indeed a form of nationalization with far wider implications than that of industry.

Even if I wanted one, and I do not, I could not afford a television set. But go through any town and you will see the rows of working-class houses with television aerials spiking the sky. One of the greatest spurs to individual effort has been the family—the desire that one's children should have the best opportunity to do as well as, if not better than, oneself. But already these aerials show that it is no longer necessary to save for posterity. To give a man vital material benefits is admirable, but to make the material the ultima Thule is deplorable. This aspect of the state was shown at the celebrations of the Sadler's Wells Ballet's return from New York. The Minister receiving them thanked them for the dollars they had earned; not a word did he say of their artistic achievement.

We have been fighting the Battle of the Dollar Gap. We have had dinned in our ears the increase in production of every commodity that might close the gap. Until recently we have been told that as the gap closes so shall we have more butter on our bread. Now, with the rearmament program, the butter melts away again; with the vast production of explosives and unmarketable wares the prices of desirable and marketable ones increase steadily as they become scarcer. We seem to have moved in a circle to the acceptance of life as a purely material struggle in which the productive effort of the nation, which could have raised the standard of living to an unprecedented level, seems destined at best to ensure our mere existence. Bored by repetitious exhortation, we swear quietly and continue to work. The bright side to the picture is that we no longer let our difficulties get us down.

The middle classes have turned an important corner. In a state where the material has come to overshadow everything else, they have rather astonishingly become the guardians of the imponderable. Their senses of humor and of proportion have returned, and with them a renewed sense of responsibility. They, who work harder than anyone, are finally most aware of the significance of the changes that have taken place. They know that though materially we may very well never be as we once were, the basic things in which we have believed have not changed, and can still be achieved if we see things as they are and not as some dream they might be. They believe that what in Britain has been great, has been great not through state edicts and controls, but through personal integrity and a sense of individual responsibility.

And so it is these people, the abused bourgeoisie, who are the least fearful. They have the most to lose, yet least of all do they pant for a security other than what they can find in their own individual completeness. They have come a long and arduous way to this, and they will stand by it to the death. I do not think they will easily die. *"Spring may be a little late this year"* —but they will be there to see it.

—DONALD HALL

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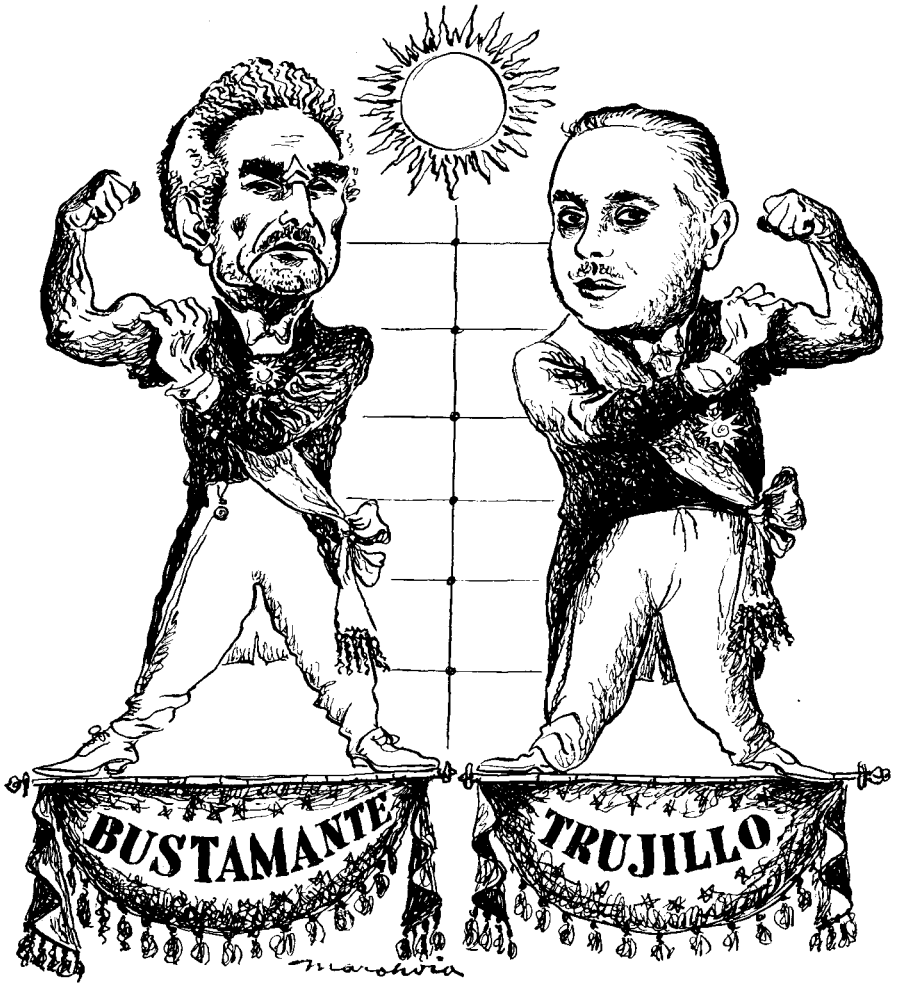
Bustamante of Jamaica—Promises and Pistols

"I am the government. No man can take my place. Busta is the chief."

The speaker is William Alexander Bustamante (born Alexander Clarke), and the occasion is wherever he is holding forth, which can be anywhere on the island of Jamaica. One can pick up Busta's identifying refrain at city hall in Kingston (he is mayor); in the Jamaican Parliament, where he is leader of the majority party; or at the offices of the island's largest labor union, which he heads. Or one can tune in on him in Jamaica-at-large; Busta has always favored road trips, and in the Jamaican back country his simple demagogic message, along with his heliotrope Cadillac and the tawny female secretary who rides in it with him, is well known. In all Jamaica, the only cone of silence is the "prime minister's" (Busta's favorite description of himself) own home, an improbably humble dwelling in a poor quarter of Kingston, from which emanates neither news nor demagogy. For the rest of Jamaica, the message for the past fifteen years has been that Busta is the government, is the chief, is the irreplaceable.



Busta's voice, for all its audibility on his home island, appears to be lacking in carrying power. Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, who isn't anywhere near the rich and complex specimen that Busta is, has for years been garlanded with reams and reams of American journalistic analysis. Bustamante is largely ignored. But as to the question of who—Busta or Trujillo—is potentially the greater troublemaker, Busta is at least the Dominican's equal in that department. Perhaps it is of Busta, rather than Trujillo, that one should say that as he goes so will go the Caribbean.

In any case, the British look at it that way. To them, Busta is the man who can either make or ruin their plan for a West Indies Federation—a union that would bind into a single economic and political constellation all British holdings from Jamaica to Trinidad, along with the mainland colonies of British Guiana and British Honduras. So far, Busta hasn't indicated that he will have it so. His opposition to the plan hasn't been violent. Nevertheless, it is Busta, moved by the demagogue's eternal concern for the autonomy of his bailiwick, who has held up the show. And the British have acquiesced in the delay, partly because their highly developed colonial sense tells them to, and partly, one guesses, because they have very little taste for the rhetoric of a Busta aroused.

The Labour Government learned something about that when it suggested in April, 1949, that the time to nationalize the Jamaican sugar industry had come. Herewith Busta in rebuttal: "We over here have had enough

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of your nationalization. We do not want it. We do not intend to have it. England must keep her hands off West Indian affairs . . ."

The moral of the above, from the point of view of the United States, is that Busta may some day be in a position to use that tone toward Washington. One trusts not, of course; one trusts that Busta and his organization will be defeated by some of the more responsible exponents of Jamaican self-government. But to count on such a development would be to indulge in

dream politics. For Busta, having carried off the principal prize in the last Jamaican elections, in 1949, is certain to be very much on the scene until 1954. One finds, too, that the island he controls is a part of our hemispheric-defense pattern; that the Jamaican bauxite potential, which is important to our aluminum industry, is considerable; and that Busta's enemies, who haven't always been wrong about him, are convinced, incredible though the charge may sound, that Busta's master plan calls for his ultimate overlordship of all Latin America.

Bustamante's own account of his life begins in Jamaica sixty-odd years ago. The backdrop is a wealthy plantation, before which muses the child Busta, surrounded by luxury. The scene shifts and we are in Spain, where Busta, now a youth of fourteen, is discovered living in the household of a Spanish mariner, who, we are told, has adopted the boy and given him the run not only of his home but of his name, which is Bustamante. Mention then is made of the Spanish Army and of Captain Bustamante's glorious role therein. There is a passing reference to Busta the merchant mariner, as well as to Busta the waiter in New York and to Busta the orderly in a Chicago hospital. Then suddenly it is 1930 or thereabouts, and the scene is Wall Street. Trading is proceeding at a pace so furious that hardened speculators by the dozens are to be seen slumped over the teletype machines and water coolers. And Busta? The pace serves merely to exhilarate him, to drive him on to ever greater killings. He exits with a million in profits.

So much for fiction. The bleak facts concerning Busta's origins, as compiled by the many apprehensive Jamaicans who have taken an interest in him, make a somewhat different story. Busta's estimate of his age—in the early sixties—is reliable, and it is generally agreed that he is, as he claims to be, a native of Jamaica. (A minority holds, nonetheless, that his birthplace was actually Cuba.) But divergency sets in in the matter of the vast plantation. There wasn't any. There was, rather, a hovel, from which Busta fled at an early age, convinced that the kind of life he had been bred to (by a peripatetic Irishman named Clarke and an unidentified mother) was not for him. Thereafter, Busta's places of residence were many—more numerous, indeed, than he admits to.

The segment of Busta's career that stands up best under investigation begins in the early 1930's, when he returned to Jamaica. From 1934 onward, his record is there for all to see. It shows that his first move on the home grounds was to set up a loan office. His second move was to case the political scene. Jamaica was truly in a mess, a tangle that had been contributed to by the Spaniards, who during the sixteenth century had plundered the place and misused its original population of Arawak Indians; by the British, who succeeded the Spaniards in Jamaica and compounded their misdeeds by pouring Oriental slave labor into the island (the Spaniards had already added Negro slaves); and—at the moment of Bustamante's arrival—by the British still, who by their tolerance of absentee landlords were responsible for Jamaica's droves of rachitic children and for the Jamaican population's cruel division into *rentiers* and "subsistentees," with the latter pitifully in the majority.

What met Bustamante's eye, in short, was what had accurately been called "the slum of the British Empire"—an island distinguished only for its spectacular flora and vistas and for the absence of a color line.

Fired by what he had seen at a glance, Bustamante forthwith raised his voice in a demand for change. In a short time he was in touch with a cousin of his, Norman Manley, who had also, though in a manner somewhat different from Busta's, got on in the world, having won a scholarship to Oxford and a subsequent call to the English bar. Manley let Busta in on socialism, which is to say that he gave

him something to do with his voice. (One shudders, incidentally, to think how things might have gone in the Caribbean if the Communists, who were very much on hand in Jamaica in 1934, had happened to get to Bustamante first.)

Socialism proved all that Busta needed. Hastily indoctrinated, he rushed around the back country. "I'm going to see that each of you gets a nice house, with beds and mosquito nets!" he roared. "Now don't ask me how." Scarcely anybody did ask, and by 1938 Busta led more than a hundred thousand of his fellow islanders. There arose the question of what to do with them. Manley's answer was to organize a political party and Busta's was to build a union. Both suggestions prevailed for a time. Busta and Manley went their happy parallel ways, Manley as chief of the People's National Party (a title that expresses perfectly Manley's moderate, legalistic approach to politics), and Busta as head of the Bustamante Industrial Trade Unions.

Then Busta began to exert pressure. He called a series of strikes that Manley considered irresponsible. The British didn't like the strikes either; in their eyes, Busta was rapidly becoming the Kingstonian most likely to upset the

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Crown's timetable for Jamaican self-rule. And so it came about, one pleasant day late in 1938, that the police, bearing a warrant that described Busta as a seditionist, marched into the imposing headquarters of the Bustamante Industrial Trade Unions in Kingston and shooed its guiding spirit off to a term in jail.

For Busta the incident proved to be all gain. The Crown wasn't able to make the charge stick (Manley defended), and when Busta arrived back at union headquarters, where his personal armed bodyguard impatiently waited, he slipped gracefully into the mantle that, figuratively speaking, had been laid out for him—that of martyr. He wore the new garment with such doggedness that the year 1941 found him back in an internment camp, this time for more than a year. It was a meditative period, for Busta's first move on issuing forth was to signalize his ideological divorce from Cousin Manley by inaugurating his own political party. Manley countered by forming *his* union. A period of long-range sparring ensued. Then, in 1944, the British, by granting Jamaica a more representative government, gave the signal for the showdown.

Busta rushed to the backwoods where for several months he threw sky-blue promises from all angles. Manley countered with a sensible but colorless plan for gradual socialization—and lost, five seats to Busta's twenty-two, in the new parliament's lower house of thirty-two.

Busta's first gesture as head of the majority party was to appropriate not only the key post in the government (Minister of Communications) but the nonexistent and unconstitutional title of "prime minister." Shortly thereafter, he received yet a third title, this one from Cousin Manley, who dubbed him a fascist. What the following five years were like—at least in part—can be gathered from a perusal of the following milestones:

February, 1945: A segment of Manley's union goes on strike at the Kingston lunatic asylum. Busta's strike-breakers rush to the scene. Three dead.

June, 1945: Busta and an associate go on trial for manslaughter, allegedly perpetrated during the February riots. Busta acquitted. Island-wide celebration and binge.

January, 1947: By-elections held. Two dead, twenty injured in West Kingston, Busta's bailiwick.

June, 1947: Busta and Manley adherents brawl.

January, 1948: Busta hooted while delivering speech. Riots. Twenty-three persons hospitalized.

To be sure, all was not rioting. There were periods of calm and there was also a dram or two of social progress. Between brawls with Manley and his people, Busta managed to lay on some housing projects, to expand medical and educational services, and to launch a land-sharing program. Wages advanced a hundred per cent, as they had to to stay anywhere near the leapfrogging cost of living, which tripled during the same period. In the main, however, the 1944-1949 period in Jamaica was not idyllic, for it was during those years that the paramilitary side of Busta's nature burgeoned. Then it was that holstered pistols first appeared at the "prime minister's" hips, that the once-scruffy bodyguard came into its own, that the Cadillac and secretary made their glistening appearance, that the Jamaica forces of the Right, which had originally labeled Busta an abhorrent revolutionary, came to realize that Busta (and he had in a hundred ways indicated his agreement) was just what was needed on their side.

In 1949, the Jamaican body politic had its chance, on the occasion of the island's second general election, to express itself on Busta's increasingly military ways. As noted, the Jamaicans chose him again, pistols and all. By doing so, they rendered Jamaican affairs everybody's business at least until 1954. In this context, "everybody" most certainly and most particularly applies to the United States.

—Albert Abarbanel

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Fifty Years Of Persian Oil

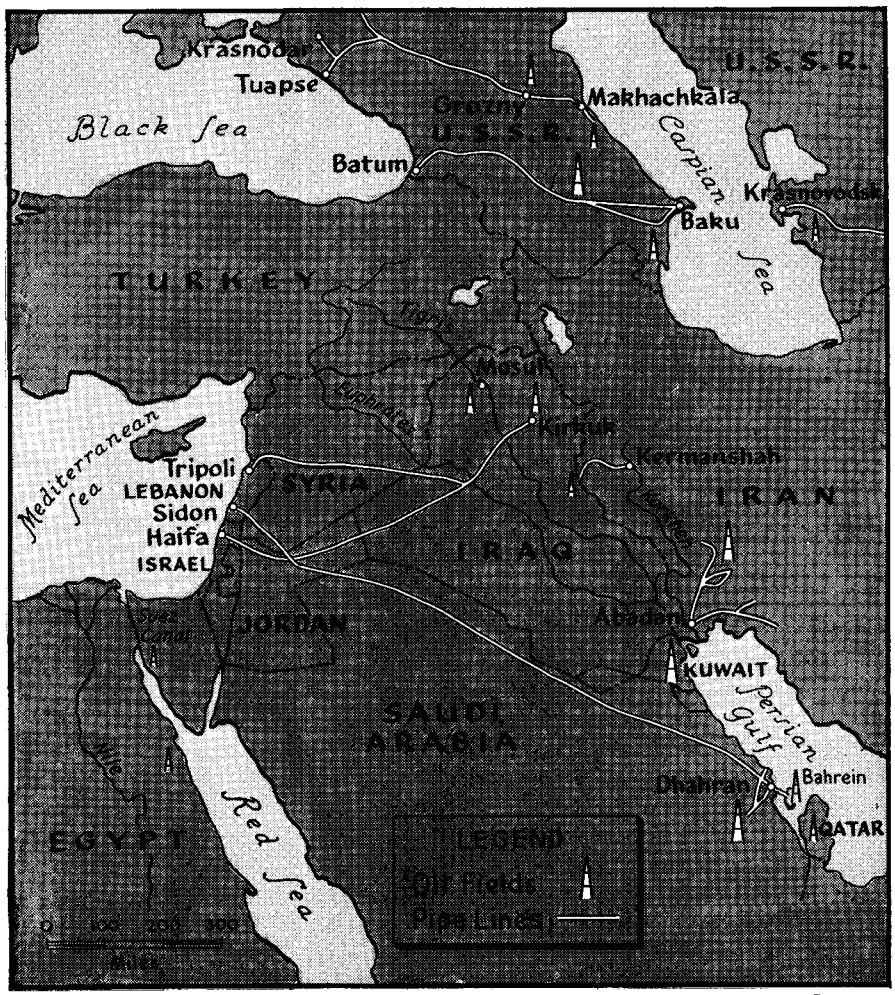
Winston Churchill has created many problems for the Labour Government of Great Britain, but it is surprising that Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison's most racking headache so far in 1951—that of Iranian oil—can be traced to a Churchillian inspiration of some thirty-seven years ago. In the months before the First World War, Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, decided that the British fleet could maintain its unquestioned world power and mobility best if its vessels were converted to burn oil. Persia, whose wells were producing more and more daily, figured in the British-German rivalry then going on in the Middle East. What would be more logical, Churchill argued, than for the British government to take control of Iran's oilfields—especially since British interests owned most of them anyway?

Today Russia, not the Kaiser's Germany, threatens the Middle East, but Iranian oil has become an even more vital resource for the free world. This spring, approximately forty per cent of western Europe's oil was being supplied by Iran. But in that country much had changed since 1914. Its fanatical Moslem nationalist Premier, Mohammed Mossadegh, was employing histrionics much more colorful than Churchill's to urge its parliament to take the final steps in the nationalization of Iranian oil, and that parliament had obediently declared Britain's oil concession null and void as of March 20 of this year. So Herbert Morrison, who had fought for nationalization at home, found himself writing spluttering protests over nationalization abroad.

For fifty years, Iran's oil production has been controlled by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (A.I.O.C.), in which the British government now holds fifty-six per cent of the stock. Nationalization would be a tremendous shock to the British economy, since the Iranian oil operation represents Britain's largest single overseas investment. Under the terms of Persian nationalization proposals, British technicians may be permitted to remain in the country, but in any case British governmental and private earnings will suffer heavily.

These earnings have for many years aroused the resentment of local nationalists. According to the prevailing pattern in the Middle East, the concessions and incomes of foreign oil companies have been free from local taxation. The British have paid the Iranian government royalties on the oil, but the royalty per barrel has generally been less than the British government has recovered on its own tax per barrel.

Beyond this, Anglo-Iranian has be-



B. Starworth

Black gold of the Middle East

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come the main target of Iranian nationalist attack simply because, in the eyes of Communists and right-wing religious extremists, it has been the country's dominant symbol of "western imperialism." Most oil-concession agreements prevent Middle East governments from exercising any control over business operations. The amount of oil produced, and its destination, are left entirely to the company. Except for the royalties, the nationalists say, Iran's oil might not be Iranian at all.

There is, of course, much to be said on the other side. The British record in Iran, which started with out-and-out turn-of-the-century imperialism, has, under nationalist pressure, improved progressively till now the Labour Government is offering what even some highly placed Iranians consider excellent terms. The British are willing to admit that the record of Anglo-Iranian up to 1933 laid them open to some charges of "imperialism," but they have enlarged royalties, offered bonuses, and promised the eventual reversion of all the company's Iranian property to that country's government. In 1950, Anglo-Iranian gave Teheran a $16 million interest-free loan.

The British have, furthermore, a strong and justifiable concern over the political implications of nationalization. What they have observed in fifty years does not make them sanguine either about what will happen if they are forced out: how the oil properties will be run, whether they can be run at all, or how long it will be before the Russians move in on them.

Iran's parliament is largely controlled by a small oligarchy of landowning families which have consistently defied all efforts toward betterment of the peasants' lot, and which will almost undoubtedly have the largest say in the operation of the oilfields and the apportionment of their profits. Aside from the Shah (who was powerless to veto the oil-nationalization bill, even if he had wanted to), the only opposition to the landowning clique comes from Moslem fanatics who continue to flirt with the Tudeh (Communist) Party. Although the Moslem leaders vehemently proclaim their intention of keeping both Britain and the U.S.S.R. out of Iran, only the Kremlin can benefit from a stoppage or slowdown of Iranian oil to the West.

The first Middle East oil concession was granted by Persia a half century ago. At the time Persia was unofficially divided into two spheres of influence: The five northern provinces were under Russian control and the rest of the country under British. Persia's Treasury was empty and the country's rulers were greatly in debt to Russia. When largely British private interests sought an oil concession, the Shah grasped at the idea because it would not only bring him badly needed income but would give the English added incentive to keep the Russians out.

The concession was granted and at the time was generally considered favorable to Persia. The Persian government was to receive twenty thousand pounds in cash, stock worth a similar sum, and sixteen per cent of the firm's annual net profits. The British company was granted the exclusive oil rights in all Persia, except in the five northern provinces under Russian control, until 1961.

It was seven years before oil was discovered and three more before production began in commercial quantities. In the interim the British strengthened their position locally. British soldiers and political officers were sent from India to the Persian oilfields to gain control of local tribes. By 1907 the British were so entrenched in southern Persia that the Russians agreed to sign a treaty recognizing the partition of the country into British and Russian spheres of influence. By 1914 the concession had proved to be so valuable that the Royal Navy was eying it.

In June, 1914, Winston Churchill introduced a bill in Parliament providing for the purchase by H.M. Government of a controlling share in the Persian oilfields. "How else," he argued, "is the country to progress except by the development of its resources and the gradual civilization of its distant areas?" On June 17, Commons provided two million pounds to purchase the controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

After the First World War, British

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statesmen placed so high a value on Persian oil that they decided it would be to their interest to fill the vacuum created when the new Communist Russian régime withdrew from the five northern provinces. British troops were ordered into the former Russian sphere and Britain attempted to impose a treaty which seemed to many Persians a device for making the country a British protectorate. The Majlis (lower house) refused to ratify the treaty, and in the spring of 1921 the new government of Reza Khan officially repudiated it. Persians were even more inflamed against the British by the oil company's refusal for a time to pay royalties, allegedly because the government had allowed local tribes to damage oil installations.

One of the first reactions of the Persian government was negotiation of a treaty of friendship with the Soviet Union, signed in 1921. It contained two provisions which limit Iranian sovereignty to this day. It gave Russia the right to move troops into Persia in the event of attack by a third party, and it provided for a Persian guarantee that no concessions would be granted to a third party in the five northern provinces which had been in the Russian sphere of influence.

Although British troops were presently withdrawn from Persia, after the Foreign Office had decided that it saw signs of stability in the new régime of Reza Khan, tensions between his Government and Britain continued. Royalties were the main subject of dispute. In 1932, Reza Shah's Government calculated that the total amount paid by the company to Iran between 1901 and 1932 was eleven million pounds sterling—exactly half the sum that would have been due the Iranian Treasury if the British corporation had paid Iranian taxes instead of royalties.

In November, 1932, the concession was declared invalid. Eventually the matter was brought before the League of Nations, but presently an agreement was worked out privately between Persia and Britain instead. A new concession was drawn up, valid for sixty years, and more favorable to Iran. This is fundamentally the concession that has been in force until this year. It set a basic royalty of four shillings gold per ton of oil produced. In addition the company agreed to pay Persia twenty per cent of its profits in excess of 671,250 pounds sterling. A sliding scale of dues, not to be lower than 1,050,000 pounds a year, was to be paid the government. The area of the concession was cut down from the original 480,000 square miles, comprising 76.4 per cent of Iran's area, to 100,000 square miles. The concession still exempted the company from taxation by the Iranian government.

After the Second World War, Iran again expressed dissatisfaction with this agreement. In 1949, Anglo-Iranian offered a modification in the agreement, requiring Britain to make retroactive payments guaranteeing a minimum yearly income of about $61 million to Iran, and nearly doubling the royalty rate. But nationalist sentiment had become so violent that the agreement was never ratified. Agitation against the foreigners, led by right-wing and pro-Soviet groups, burst into demands for expropriation and nationalization.

Premier Ali Razmara, who had taken office in June, 1950, and was pushing a moderate program of economic and political reform, was against nationalization. He explained that the country could not raise the billion dollars required to buy out the British. None of the 70,000 Iranians employed by the company had the technical experience required to run the industry. Even if Iran took over the fields, he argued, it had no tankers and no sales organization to dispose of the oil in foreign markets. Despite Razmara's arguments and a British offer to split the profits in half with Iran, agitation continued. On March 15, eight days after Razmara had been assassinated by a religious fanatic, the Majlis unanimously passed a bill approving nationalization in principle. At the end of April the Majlis and the Senate sanctioned the nationalization of A.I.O.C.'s holdings.

Despite the substantial percentage of government revenue derived from oil income in several Middle East countries (5.1 in Lebanon, 11.5 in Iraq, 15.0 in Iran, 49.3 in Saudi Arabia), nationalist sentiment is pushing their governments toward demands for a much larger share of the profits from this oil, their main source of wealth. Many nationalists claim that there is enough natural wealth in the area to raise the abysmally low standard of living and to bring the Middle East into the twentieth century. Last December, the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco) was the first Middle East oil company to surrender to local taxation. It signed an agreement with Saudi Arabia to pay a tax that will make the Arabian government's total income from Aramco equal to one-half the net operating income of the company. The arrangement is retroactive to the beginning of 1950. Arabia's oil revenues for last year are to be increased from about $60 million under the old agreement to about $90 million under the new one. At the present rates of production this will ensure Arabia an oil income in 1951 of over $100 million.

The new Aramco agreement was partly responsible for this year's outcry in Iran, and has opened the eyes of other Arab nationalists. But instead of pressing for more generous concessions, most of these leaders have increased their insistence upon outright nationalization. Demands for nationalization are already being heard in other Middle Eastern parliaments, and the same Iranian nationalists who pushed through nationalization in that country are insisting that the wells of Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, now run by U.S. companies, belong to Iran.

But meanwhile Iran's plans for actually operating the Anglo-Iranian fields when they are taken over remain so murky as to be almost unintelligible, and many Iranians are expressing indifference as to whether production drops considerably after nationalization or not. Should Russia move in, it would not have for several years either the tankers to transport the oil or the engineering resources to pipe it to the U.S.S.R. So the end result may be that much of the oil will remain safe under the Iranian soil—where it was in 1901.

The final question that the nationalists must answer is an even tougher one: Will local ownership of the fields actually fulfill their avowed ultimate purpose of raising abysmal living standards and modernizing completely primitive agriculture? Only recently—and under British and American pressure—have the oil profits of Iran, Iraq, or Saudi Arabia been used for irrigation systems, fertilizer, plows, and tractors. The feudal landowners retain their palaces and Cadillacs; most of the peasants retain only the wooden plows that they were using in 1901.

—Don Peretz

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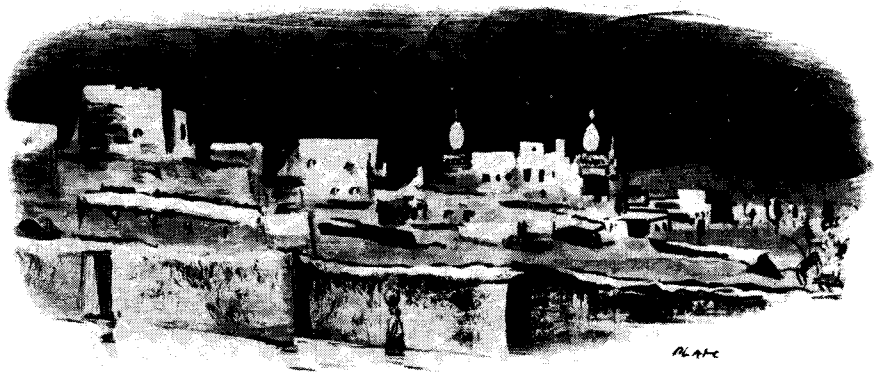
Aid to Iran: a Failure

Iran's qualifications for technical assistance are impressive: the desperate needs of its people, the rich potentialities of its untapped resources, the threat of its Russian neighbor to the north. So it was not surprising that Iran was the first nation to apply to the United States for Point Four assistance.

But Iranians are bitterly disappointed that the first year's program, already under way, amounts to only a million dollars and that a loan of $25 million, promised by the Export-Import Bank, has got snarled in red tape. However, there is another side to the story, which must give pause to the bank's experts and to American Point Four technicians. That is the fate of Iran's own seven-year plan—charted out by American engineeers and business managers. *Fortune* magazine called this plan "as sensible as anything that has yet been written on the development of backward areas." Yet, within months, it went on the rocks.



The original idea came from an American named Max W. Thornburg, once chief engineer of Standard Oil of California, who has spent some years in the Middle East. Thornburg suggested that the Iranian government hire American engineers to draft a plan for attracting foreign capital. Then in 1948, at a comparatively low price, he enlisted the help of Overseas Consultants, Inc., a group of eleven of America's biggest engineering and business-manangement firms, which had been formed the year before to draft a plan for Japanese dismantling and reparations.

In the fall of 1949, the experts produced five volumes of reports and recommendations aimed directly at giving Iranian peasants more to eat and proceeding from there to build up the nation's whole economy. A dozen O.C.I. consultants, with no administrative or executive powers, came to Iran to furnish day-by-day advice on such matters as farming, health, finance, highway construction, and engineering.

For fifteen months the American advisers saw their major recommendations ignored. A major part of the first year's funds provided by the Iranian government—the figure has never been made public, but it is estimated as high as $8 million—went into large profits for local contractors, whose expensive projects did not yield an extra ounce of food for the peasants. Some good work was done in malaria control and irrigation, but the sums allocated for such projects were pathetically small. Thornburg reported that of 278 O.C.I. suggestions offered in the first year, only thirty-five had been adopted. Several consultants quit and went home because, in Thornburg's words, "no use can be made of their services, and they have nothing to do."

The O.C.I. project staggered along until January, 1950, when it collapsed completely. The engineers had been promised a certain portion of the government's oil royalties for their enterprises, but most of this amount was diverted to meet the payrolls of Iran's topheavy bureaucracy. Of course, the Americans were blamed for all failures. "American advisers" became a favorite target for politicians, who were eager to shift the blame. The seven-year plan is still officially on, but some Iranians now call it the seventy-year plan. Its Iranian director, Mohammed Nikhaie, who canceled the agreement with O.C.I,. was widely hailed in the nationalist press as the man who "kicked out the American advisers."

Although the O.C.I. men came to Iran as private individuals paid by the government, their failure in Iranian eyes is an American failure. The O.C.I. had consulted State Department officials in Washington and embassy diplomats in Teheran before and during the life of their program.

The seven-year plan organization still exists, though as a mere shadow. Last year it had some 1,800 employees at its peak; now its working force has been slashed to fewer than 250. Responsibility for carrying on such projects as malaria control, irrigation, and railroad construction has been returned to the various Ministries.

Point Four experts who will go to Iran may be able to avoid some of O.C.I.'s troubles simply because Point Four will not be dealing with so much money. American Point Four technicians stick to grass-roots projects on the village level, such as improving schools, combating disease, and demonstrating new methods of agriculture. The Joint Iranian-United States Commission for Rural Development is selecting ten villages in various parts of the country to show Iranians how modern methods work. The demonstration villages will serve as examples for surrounding areas. There is not enough money in this type of work to fuel a gravy train for politicians.

The O.C.I. experience in Iran points a moral to those who will implement technical-assistance programs everywhere. It takes more than good will and technical expertness to run an effective aid program.

—Robert Hewett

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A Parliamentarian, A Hatchet Man, an Inquisitor

Either spring or the MacArthur debate has brought something to the divided Democrats in the Senate. On one crucial occasion, they stood side by side, Southerners and Northerners, in near unanimity. And three leaders emerged, different in character, origin, and probably even in the motives that made them rally their colleagues to stem the Republican tide.

It started late in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 2, the eve of General MacArthur's first appearance at the hearings. Before the day was over, a rare event had occurred: The Senators had just about split on party lines. Pat McCarran of Nevada was the only Democrat to cross the aisle, and nobody needed an explanation for that. The display of party unity reacted like a shot of benzedrine on Senate Democrats still groggy from the fuzzy troops-to-Europe debate.

The issue was whether the hearings were to be open to the public. Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the joint Armed Services-Foreign Relations Committee, had worked out elaborate arrangements to hold them in private but to feed a running transcript to the press with security matters deleted. When the Armed Services Committee originally voted to hear MacArthur, Republicans and Democrats had agreed that the hearing should be closed.

On second thought, the Republican high command decided differently. Perhaps it feared, as one G.O.P. Senator hinted, an attempt "to whitewash the mistakes and bungling of the past." Perhaps they merely wanted to give their constituents another look at MacArthur on television.

All through that afternoon of May 2, one Republican after another rose to ask for a vote on Senator Kenneth Wherry's resolution to override the committee decision. Majority leader Ernest McFarland made only a couple of timorous attempts to reply.

Harris & Ewing

Senators Richard Russell and Harry F. Byrd

Again it looked as if the uncertain majority leader was giving way before the demands of the minority leader. With an air of triumph, Wherry suddenly moved for adjournment till five o'clock—a tricky parliamentary tactic, not open to debate, which would mean that when the Senate reconvened it would be starting another legislative day and Wherry could bring his resolution up for a vote. The adjournment won, 43-41. The Republicans seemed to have the votes they needed to have hearings open to the public and television. What followed, however, was astonishing. The Democrats held a quick huddle around Russell. When they broke up, a counter-strategy had been agreed upon. Messages were sent which started Senator Harry F. Byrd up from Virginia for one of his rare alliances with Administration Democrats and prompted Senator Willis Smith to catch the next plane from North Carolina.

When the Senate reconvened at five o'clock, the Democrats knew what they wanted—to gain time. Senator Matthew Neely of West Virginia forced the reading of the previous day's journal, then took the floor to argue his discharge petition for the District of Columbia home-rule bill, cheerfully announcing that he was prepared to discuss it for several hours. His burden was considerably lightened by the lengthy rhetorical questions his Democratic colleagues put to him—a favorite device Senators use to assist one another. By 9:40 P.M., Wherry's opportunity to call up his resolution during the "morning hour" had been lost, Byrd and Smith had arrived, and the Democrats were able to recess the Senate for the night.

The next day—the first day of the MacArthur hearings—the Democrats functioned as a well-drilled team,

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dominating the floor and adroitly playing to one another. Afterward, a Northern Democrat commented: "Some of my Southern colleagues who haven't even nodded the past few months were smiling at me." When the Democrats finally allowed a motion for consideration of Wherry's resolution to come to a vote, they defeated it by a margin of four.

In the battle against the Republicans, riding high on the MacArthur wave, the Democrats found strength in three men—a parliamentarian particularly skillful in committee work, a vigorous hatchet man, and a great inquisitor. The three were Richard Russell of Georgia, Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, and Brien McMahon of Connecticut.

The chairmanship of the MacArthur hearings is the severest test that Russell has had to face in his eighteen years as a Senator. It is a situation something like that which Senator Millard C. Tydings found himself in last year when he headed the Senate committee investigating Senator Joseph McCarthy's charges. But Russell's closest colleagues point out the vast difference between the shrewd, level-headed, eminently capable Georgian and the hasty-tempered, often arrogant Marylander, who bravely but vainly faced up to McCarthyism. Democratic Senators believe Russell will meet his trial more successfully. "If any man can pull us through this thing and not destroy himself in the process, it's Dick Russell," one Democratic Senator said.

Russell's strength and prestige derive from two main causes. First, he has always stuck close to the grubby work of committee and cloakroom, where the real business of legislative formulation takes place, rather than indulging in oratory on the Senate floor. By now, few Senators are not obligated to him for some bit of legislative horse-trading.

Second, he probably stands as close as anyone to the actual center of the majority party except on civil-rights issues. Commentators are disposed to overlook the marked gradations between Southern Senators. Russell stands to the right of Hill and Sparkman of Alabama but, according to those who know him well, to the left of Holland of Florida and Hoey of North Carolina. He would have been chosen Democratic majority leader last January had it not been for the civil-rights issue. Now that the FEPC and similar legislation appear an unlikely subject of dispute this Congress, Russell may be less reluctant to take charge of salvaging some sort of legislative program for his party.

Senator Robert Kerr, a big-framed, multimillionaire oilman from Oklahoma, has stepped into quite another role. With a sarcastic eloquence reminiscent of Tom Connally in his younger days, Kerr may well become one of the Democrats' leading floor fighters. He was the one Senator who dared remember out loud that MacArthur hadn't always been a national idol. He issued a call for the general's ouster three days before it happened. Then when it came, he flew out to Tulsa, convinced a curbstone audience that Truman was right, and returned to Washington to renew the offensive in the Senate.

Republicans who haven't hesitated to imply that Administration leaders from Secretary Acheson on down have been disloyal were appalled that Kerr should speak with so little awe of their general. Senator Homer Ferguson of

Harris & Ewing

Senator Robert Kerr

Michigan said sorrowfully: "I am sure that when he [Kerr] lies down in bed he will remember some of the things he said upon the floor of the Senate, ridiculing the general who testified. God gives man a conscience so that he can repent for wrongs."

Instead of repenting, Kerr selected Ferguson as a secondary target for his attacks. "[Kerr] is trying to get the Senator from Michigan off the track . . ." Ferguson protested.

"Does the Senator intimate," Kerr bellowed, "that the Senator from Oklahoma has said anything to indicate that he ever thought the Senator from Michigan was on the track on any question? If so, Mr. President, the Senator from Oklahoma would like the personal privilege of clearing the doubt from the mind of the Senator from Michigan."

As an Administration supporter Kerr has been somewhat restricted by his special fondness for oil and gas interests. Last year, he struggled to push a bill through Congress exempting independent natural-gas producers from Federal control, and was reportedly peeved when the President saw fit to veto it. Indeed, there are rumors that he hopes to avoid a second veto by his present assistance to the White House. But Kerr denies that he even plans to press the bill again.

Senator Brien McMahon has assumed the third role in the hearings—that of government prosecutor. Before General MacArthur delivered his testimony, McMahon put in long hours of preparation, and, more than any other Senator, probed at its weak spots. The transcript of the hearing, supported by participating Senators, shows that McMahon's temper could flare as high as MacArthur's. He pressed again and again for the general's thinking on global strategy. "I wish we could have been on television when MacArthur told Brien to quit probing him on matters outside of his own area," a Democratic Senator commented afterward. "That really damaged his whole testimony."

An Administration supporter who keeps a close eye on Congress has pointed out what seems to him a bright spot. "Russell hasn't let on, but deep inside he's seething at some of the double-dealing he's had from the Republicans. By the time this thing's over with, I'll wager the Democratic Party will be closer together than ever."

Will it stay together? The Administration supporter shrugged his shoulders. "Of course not," he said. "Why should it? The Democrats get together at times. They don't stay together."

—DOUGLASS CATER

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'Mister John': More Pork Than Corn

John Rankin and equipment

A year or so ago, at about nine o'clock of a cool spring evening, the House of Representatives battled through an all-night session on the Fair Employment Practices Code bill. A small, worn man with a skull that seemed too big for the rest of him stepped into the middle aisle of the chamber.

"Mr. Speaker," he began shrilly, "this FEPC bill is the most dangerous piece of Communistic legislation with which this country has ever been threatened."

Up in the press gallery, several reporters ducked out for a smoke, and others eased back in their seats. There was no need to take notes. It was just Old Rankin—at it again.

John Elliott Rankin obviously considered the remark devastating. In fact, he likes it so much that he has inserted it in the *Congressional Record,* word for word, at least fifteen times in the past two years.

But to other judges it hardly seemed good enough to be classed among the all-time Rankinisms. Certainly it could not match a quip he made almost thirty years ago, when, as a freshman Congressman from Mississippi, he called a Republican-sponsored anti-lynching bill "a bill to encourage rape." It lacked the bravado of his solution to Russia's possession of the atomic bomb—a double-barreled proposal to move the national capital to Paducah, Kentucky, and begin immediate construction of the Tombigbee River Canal, a project which Rankin calls "the missing link in our national defense program" and which, incidentally, would also result in a $150-million improvement for his home district, the First Mississippi.

The FEPC remark and what followed it, however, did serve to convince casual observers that Rankin was still the same old flannel-mouthed fanatic. In a limited sense, there was no denying they were right. Since the death of Senator Theodore G. ("The Man") Bilbo, Rankin has become Congress's most rabid defender not only of white supremacy but of white, Protestant, American-born, Anglo-Saxon-sired supremacy. When he was elected to the House at the age of thirty-eight, on his third try, he had already acquired a firm distrust of Negroes, Jews, foreigners, "that New York crowd," and all native Americans with "fishy-sounding names." Rankin once gave the House a list of people active in state FEPC work. "Please read the names of the three white people and see if you can figure out their antecedents," he asked. The names were Asepha, Schwartz, and Donovan. More recently, Rankin has added the Communists to the top of his list, but who, as he sees it, *are* the Communists but the Negroes, the Jews, the foreigners? This lumping practice, of course, can apply to political issues as well as to racial groups. A few weeks ago, Rankin announced he would vote against all economic-control measures, since they too were Communist-inspired.

Contrary to some Northern opinion, this attitude is not the reason Rankin's constituents have sent him to Washington sixteen consecutive times. "In Mississippi," one steady Rankin voter has explained, "you're born 'agin' them things. We just expect that." Nor is it, to put the matter another way, Rankin's ever-erupting prejudices that have given him the title "Mister John."

"Mister John, you oughtn't to work so hard," says a staff member. "Mister John, us farmers want to thank you," says a constituent. "Mister John, how ever did you manage to pull that one off?" says a House colleague. "Mister John" is a title of respect.

Senator John C. Stennis of Mississippi, who uses the title habitually, appeared somewhat flustered when it was pointed out that this peculiar form of address, with its delicate balance of homage and familiarity, was probably developed by an ethnic group "Mister John" himself refers to as "those still half-savage Negroes." His pronunciation of the last word is ambiguous.

Only a small part of that respect is due to Rankin's sixty-nine years. Most of it is due to his power. For vastly overshadowing the John Rankin of racial and religious rantings is the John Rankin of inordinate power. He is the man who knows parliamentary procedure even better than the Ku Klux Klan oath, a fact which allows him to control and maneuver legislation with a force far exceeding that of his single vote. He is the man who has held the chairmanship of the House Veterans Affairs commitee for the last nineteen years, during which time he

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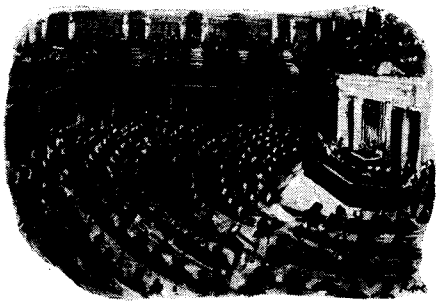


has managed to put his name on almost every important piece of veterans' legislation, including the recent rush measure to give hospital benefits to all veterans of the Korean war. In what on the surface appears to be somewhat of a paradox, he is also the man who has led the public-power bloc in the House ever since 1935, and the man who, with the late Senator George W. Norris, drafted the original TVA Act.

John Rankin has been able to turn out an almost incredible volume of pork for his constituency. He has probably done more for his one district in the northeastern corner of Mississippi than Huey Long ever did for the State of Louisiana. And Long dictated the laws, while Rankin has only one vote out of 435, in only one chamber out of two.

Rankin is not at all shy about all this power or all this pork. "Mister John is to politics what Dizzy Dean is to baseball and MacArthur is to the Army," says Jamie L. Whitten, Congressman from an adjoining district in Mississippi. "They're all prone to tell you how good they are. But generally, they can prove at least part of it." In press interviews, Rankin's usual grumpiness disappears if his visitor breaks the ice by rattling off a list of the little Representative's powers. He will take off his glasses and smooth back his coarse white hair. He may even smile slightly, although his face does not seem to be made for smiling.

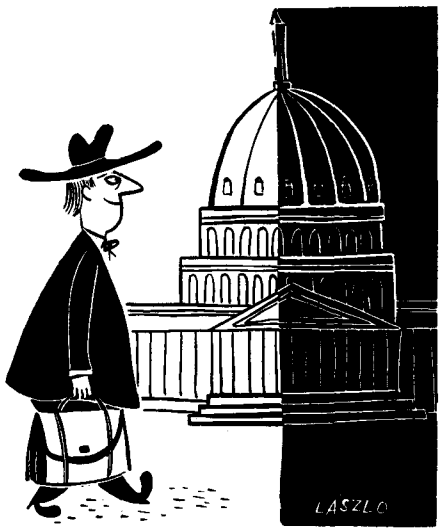
In the process of an extended series of interviews recently, this conversational gambit became almost a ritual. One day Rankin even helped out the interviewer, just as the list of accomplishments was running low.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You've forgotten something. You might also call me the anti-Communist leader in the House."

Rankin bases this claim on more than mere volume of anti-Communist words in the *Record*. He bases it on one positive action, an action that made the Un-American Activities Committee a permanent standing committee of the House in 1945—but Rankin enjoys telling the story so much that it is unfair to take the pleasure away from him:

"At the opening of each Congress," he explains, "a resolution is brought up to adopt the rules of the previous Congress—just a routine piece of business that nobody much bothers to attend. Well, I took my own copy of the rules, added a semicolon, and drew up a provision to make the Un-American Activities Committee permanent. I didn't tell my best friend in the House about it, for fear it would leak out. But on the morning of the day the resolution was coming up, I went around to all my Un-American friends [*sic*] and told them what was in the wind. When the resolution came up and I introduced my amendment, they were all there. The opposition wasn't. We got a roll call, and it was through."

The origin of Rankin's interest in the TVA, and in public power in general, is somewhat of a mystery. Senator Norris is gone, as are others who might have told us the details of the horse-trading that must have preceded the enlisting of Rankin's support. Rankin's own explanation, that the first time he saw Muscle Shoals he "realized that there was more wealth there than in all the diamond mines of Africa," hardly suffices. We do know that he wanted cheap power for the voters. We also know that he got cheap power for *his* voters, and in such a hurry that the attacks upon him as a "socialist planner" fell on sterile ground.



"Sure I was charged with socialism at first, but that's nonsense. My people knew it was nonsense when they saw the benefits they were getting," says Rankin.

"Tupelo, my home town, about one hundred miles from Muscle Shoals, was the first city connected to TVA. The longest high-powered line ever built out from the Tennessee River runs 150 miles right down the middle of my district. And today I've got the best-electrified district in the South, with ninety per cent of my farms using TVA power."

Even if it can be assumed that Rankin's original interest in the TVA was entirely in terms of boons for his constituency, however, the same certainly cannot be said today. He is a constant promoter of such projects as the Columbia Valley Authority and the Missouri Valley Authority. He has frequently pitched in to help strengthen the Administration's rural-electrification program. And periodically he mails to other Congressmen, at his own expense, charts showing private-power overcharges, as compared to TVA "yardstick" rates, in their respective districts.

To the average Congressman, mail from Rankin can mean only one thing—the Tombigbee canal. This project would provide an inland waterway from Mobile on the Gulf, up the Tombigbee River, up Mackeys Creek, and up Yellow Creek to the Tennessee. Of the proposed eighteen locks and dams, spread out over 260 water miles, only four would be constructed outside Rankin's district.

"It will provide a slack-water route from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and to all points on the Ohio, the upper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois, and the Cumberland Rivers, and at the same time save the swift current of the Mississippi for the downstream traffic," Rankin points out. It will also provide work for at least five thousand men in Rankin's district and place a premium on locally manufactured and distributed materials and equipment.

Chances are, if Rankin lives long enough and the world calms down long enough, he'll see the project completed, no matter how much it smells of pork. For it already has the backing of the Army Engineers, the Interior Department, and such individuals as Harold Ickes and David E. Lilienthal.

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In fact, the only organized opposition to the Tombigbee canal has come from the trucking and railroad companies presently serving the area, and from the "economy boys" in Congress, who don't think the canal would be worth the $189 million it would cost. So far, they have succeeded in holding the project down to the planning stages.

What with his constituents, his veterans, his TVA, and his Tombigbee, Rankin puts in as full a day as anyone in Congress. Except for attacks on Communism, he has little time for international affairs. He considers Trygve Lie a Communist, and a few days ago he referred to the U.N. itself as "that tower of babble that is out to destroy this [U.S.] government." Asked if he favored our present stand in Korea, he replied: "I'd rather not talk about that. It's a touchy subject, you know. Our boys are shedding their blood over there."

On one occasion, however, he did pull from his pocket a newspaper clipping. "See this," he said, reading: "'TIENTSIN, CHINA—The Chinese government today reported that its forces had met and defeated a detachment of U.S. Marines near this city.'" The headline over the item was FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Look at that," Rankin added. "We're right back where we were fifty years ago!"

When it was pointed out that there were several differences, including the fact that this was Korea, not China, Rankin interrupted impatiently. "Chinese . . . Koreans." He shrugged off the difference.

If Rankin doesn't get too involved with "them crazy foreigners," it's perfectly all right with the folks back home. "Down around Tupelo," says a former resident, "they only want to know what Mister John is doing here at home—and for *them*."

They have plenty of concrete evidence around them. They have the free road to Pickwick Landing. They have the Tupelo grammar school, a model of which was exhibited at the New York World's Fair. It, along with many other public institutions—all segregated, of course—was built with WPA money, thanks to John Rankin. They have abundant and cheap electric power. Many of its veterans have spent at least one year at college under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and others have obtained G.I. loans.

Harris & Ewing

'The Man' Bilbo

Throughout his district there is also a personal pride in Rankin and "the way he handles 'em up in Washington." Whenever he returns to Tupelo, he gets what amounts to a warrior's welcome home, even though his cantankerous nature has made him a few private enemies. The home folks are proud of the way he has "pulled himself up by the bootstraps." (Rankin worked his way through high school by teaching public grade school, with a state license—a fact that may or may not be a testimonial to Mississippi's educational system.) Several citizens have even boasted about the way Rankin got his brother appointed postmaster of Tupelo a few years back. "What other politician in the country could get away with that?" one has bragged.

Rankin, in turn, is proud of his district. "I represent one of the most conservative districts in the United States," he says. "We're all old-line Anglo-Saxons down there."

The district, which is predominantly agricultural, "has before it the brightest prospects of any section of the country," according to Rankin. "Plenty of iodine in the soil," he adds. "Small industry, the kind that doesn't get mixed up with those big labor unions, coming along fast. This shirt was made in Tupelo." He plucks at it. "See what I mean?"

Rankin also boasts that he has the whitest district in Mississippi: "Two of my counties are ninety-five per cent white already, and the rest are getting white fast." He confirms this last with the aid of a Census Bureau brochure, rapidly skipping over adjacent figures, which show that four of his other counties are more than fifty per cent Negro.

Rankin's political career has never been a smooth one, either in the House or on the campaign platform back home. The reason is simple: Rankin loves a good fight. Where there is none, he will try to create one. This is the only reason he has had any opposition at all in the Democratic primaries, which, in his district, as in the rest of the Deep South, are very final.

There are no strong labor unions, no militant minority groups, and not even any private power interests to organize voters against Rankin. Nor can the Negroes offer any hope of election, since the Democratic state committee, in deciding who is and who is not a qualified party voter, tries everything short of what it knows would be a losing court fight to keep Negroes off the party rolls. Thus the opposing candidate finds that he must fight Rankin man to man.

"None of them have been tough," says Rankin. The facts back him up. Since his first term in Washington, he has beaten every candidate who ever tried to replace him by a margin of at least two to one.

"The only reason Mister John did so poorly against me in the race for Bilbo's seat," Senator Stennis explains almost apologetically, "is that he didn't bother to campaign much. He only came down to Mississippi two weeks before the election. Hell, my speaking engagements lasted for six weeks alone."

Rankin has had one taste of organized opposition, however. Four years ago, the Tupelo *Journal*, which goes along with the Truman program as solidly as any paper in the South (deviating only on such issues as FEPC),

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fought an active editorial battle against Rankin. All it got for its trouble was a broken camera, knocked out of the hands of a *Journal* photographer by Rankin.

"We've just about given up fighting Rankin now," Harry Rutherford, editor of the *Journal,* says. "It's pretty hopeless. No high-caliber man wants the suicidal job of running against him, anyway."

There was a good deal of talk at the time about how George A. McLean, the home-grown owner of the newspaper, had "a couple of Chicago people doing his thinking and his ghostwriting for him." This kind of talk can cause a great deal of damage, for outside interference is the Scarlet Letter of Mississippi.

All Mississippi politicians recognize this factor, and all the adroit ones put it to work for themselves. Bilbo, of course, was the most expert. Miss Virginia Simmerman, a native of Tupelo who worked as Bilbo's secretary for six years, claims that the late Senator carefully plotted the baiting of what he once called "those do-gooding carpetbaggers."

"Before his last campaign," she says, "Bilbo knew he didn't have a chance the way he stood. So he started screaming about the 'kikes' and the 'niggers,' right on the Senate floor. Just as he planned, Winchell, Pearson, Clare Boothe Luce, and those others took out after him. Then he packed up the newspaper clippings, went down to Mississippi, and read them to the voters. Those clippings elected him."

Rankin has never gone that far. But it is only natural to speculate on the part he played in promoting the talk of McLean's "Chicago ghost writers." And certainly, in touching off some of his feuds with Walter Winchell and former Representative Vito Marcantonio of New York, Rankin has needed very little pretext.

"Don't think they haven't helped Mister John at the polls, too," warns one Mississippian, adding with a smile: "As long as those so-called writers in New York keep tearing into him, Rankin will keep getting elected."

And with this last in mind, this so-called writer sincerely hopes that this piece will not be interpreted as an attack on John Rankin.

—William S. Fairfield

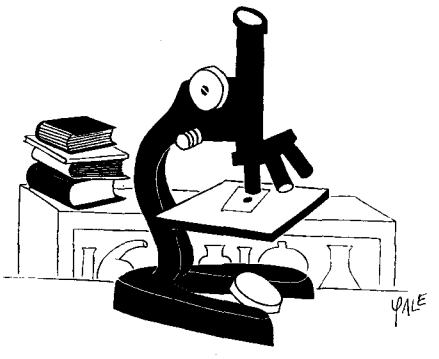
Views & Reviews

Prophets of Atomic Doom

A new and dangerous type of prophet has appeared in the United States. Instead of using statistical charts, or the entrails of sacrificial animals, this modern augur bases his forecasts on nuclear physics. He says—and his prophecies have a precision quite unlike the safer ambiguity of the old oracles—that the disruption of the atom spells the end of life on this planet. The reason he is dangerous is that by convincing us we are doomed he may make us abandon helplessly the positive, realistic steps we can take to protect ourselves against the positive, real threat of the atomic bomb.

This new Cult of Doom has a highly select membership—university professors, medical authorities, and educators. Their common characteristics are that they are all transfixed by fear and all highly vocal. They began with Hiroshima. From the lecture platform, from the radio microphone, and from the printed page, they predicted sure and imminent doom. And the layman had no way to check the facts.

We shall not single these prophets out by name. Some are now ashamed of their performance on the national scene, but have not publicly recanted or apologized. Somehow their prophecies must be interred, if we ourselves are to survive. This is not an easy task, for all have some basis in fact. Let us go



back to the Hiroshima blast and examine some of the dire predictions which arose then.

First the prophets said: "Hiroshima will be uninhabitable for years to come." No sooner than the mushroom cloud had been wafted into the stratosphere over the ill-fated Japanese city than the word "radioactive" appeared in every newspaper. Thereafter, reading a daily array of newspaper stories, the layman was appalled by the concept of a city overlaid with an invisible coat of death-dealing atoms, destined to a hundred years of ghostly existence.

But the facts were otherwise. Hiroshima was *not* radioactive. Ten seconds after the atomic detonation, when its streets were a raging fire, one could have walked them with complete immunity from radioactivity. An atomic bomb burst in the air is self-cleansing; it sucks all the radioactive particles into the mushroom cloud. Thereafter the radioactivity is dispersed harmlessly by the high-altitude winds—a fact that has been confirmed by the recent detonation of eight atomic bombs: five at Las Vegas and three at Eniwetok. Occasionally, a small amount of radioactive material may fall out of the cloud onto the ground—which may cause a Geiger counter to click quite savagely but does not present a lethal hazard. There is a millionfold difference between the radioactiv-

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ity which can agitate a Geiger counter and that which is deadly to man.

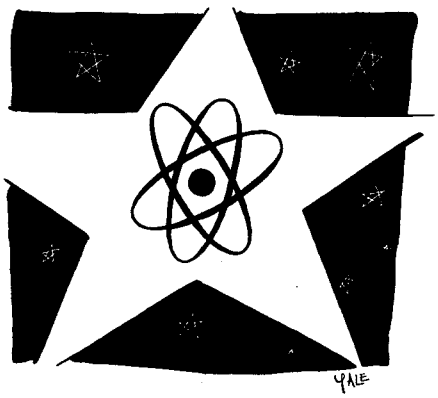
That the prophets were wrong about Hiroshima is proved by the fact that the city was reoccupied as soon as the fires died down. It is inhabited today, and no trace of radioactivity remains to imperil human life.

Next the prophets of doom turned to the atomic tests at Bikini. They paid little attention to the first—ABLE Test—detonation, which was an airburst, but concentrated on BAKER Test, which was an underwater explosion. Some gloomily muttered that a tidal wave would sweep the Pacific; others sensed an even greater catastrophe and predicted that the chain reaction in the water would be uncontrollable.

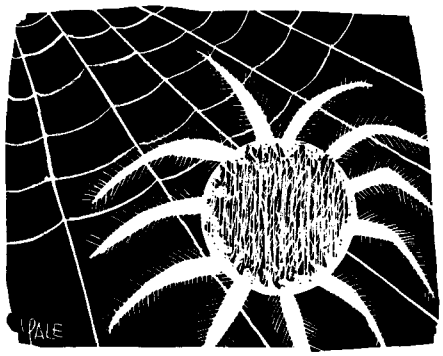
Anyone who has had a chance to look at the official films of the underwater test at Bikini knows that the tidal wave did not even get outside the lagoon. In fact, the wave that washed up on Bikini Island, only three miles from the explosion site, was weaker than that found in a heavy sea. As for the burning up of the sea, this did not happen. Nor did the scientists expect it, for a chain reaction is extremely difficult to initiate, and it is nonsense to expect it to propagate itself except for the one-millionth of a second when it is intended.

But something did happen at Bikini that gave the prophets plenty to talk about for the next several years. The underwater explosion produced a mist-like base surge (the wave that disperses the radioactive matter) which sent an intensely poisonous fog rolling out from the center to engulf the target fleet at anchor in the lagoon. Some of the radioactive material deposited on the ships formed a residue that could not easily be removed.

The Navy found itself with "hot"

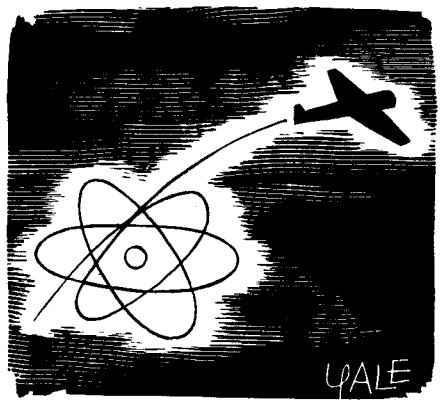


ships on its hands, the adjective indicating merely that the vessels were radioactive to a greater or lesser degree. The word "hot" as applied to radioactivity is most unfortunate, as was the use of another word—"tolerance." When we at Bikini boarded "hot" ships we sometimes found the radioactivity so slight that we could stay aboard all day without getting what was called a "tolerance dose" of radiation. Other ships closer to the center of the target fleet were more radioactive, and no one was allowed on deck for more than ten or twenty minutes. This did not necessarily mean that if one stayed on such a ship for an hour, or even for a day, one would be injured. The "tolerance dose" specified at Bikini was that used in our atomic laboratories, and a person can actually tolerate many times more radiation. Had the Bikini tests been



wartime operations, most of the ships could have been manned without serious injury to the crews.

However, most people were not aware that a "hot" ship's radioactivity could range from the lethal to the merely bothersome, or that there was a difference between the arbitrary and the real tolerance dose. Early this year, the Navy towed the target ship *Independence* from the shipyard where it had been a guinea pig for the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory. This aircraft carrier was sunk in deep water, and the Navy carefully announced that the action was taken because experiments on it were completed and it had outlived its usefulness. The press release explained that the vessel was still radioactive, although not seriously. (Had its steel been salvaged and resmelted, it would have been a nuisance in laboratory instruments, but not a health hazard.) The public concluded that the ship was sunk almost five years



later because of radioactivity of lethal intensity.

After Bikini came dire warnings that what had happened in the lagoon could happen in New York Harbor. Apparently any city near a body of water could qualify. A lieutenant colonel in the Pentagon prophesied that the people in the nation's capital could be killed in their beds by a bomb exploding in the Potomac.

This officer overlooked the technical facts about BAKER Test. First, the explosion was made in deep water, much deeper than the water in almost all U.S. harbors. It is very doubtful if the base surge can be formed in shallow water. Second, the Bikini test was carried out in the tropics, and some meteorologists maintain that the Bikini effect could not be created under temperate atmospheric conditions. Other technicalities, such as those involved in the military delivery of atomic weapons for underwater detonation, make the Bikini effect a very slight hazard for the majority of our cities.

No one will deny that a bomb exploded in the Hudson River would splatter radioactive mud and water for some distance, but unless the base surge were created in the Hudson, the effect upon Manhattan Island would be small. It is to be hoped that the Atomic Energy Commission will be persuaded to conduct an atomic-bomb test applicable to American harbors and river ports so that the hazard from such explosions can be properly assessed.

The Chinese define a pessimist as "He who sits at the bottom of a well to look at the sky." Some of the prophets have dug very deep wells. One colonel who had been at Bikini told a hushed audience at the National War College: "The explosion anywhere in the world

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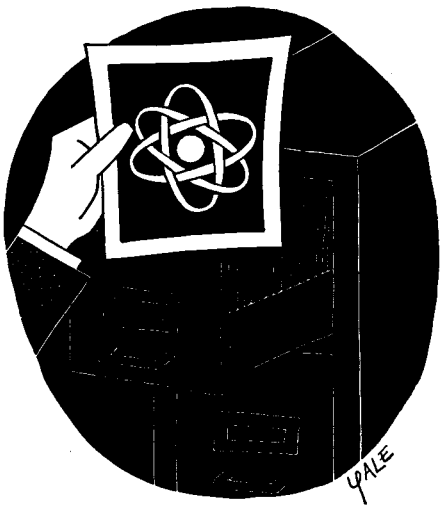


of two hundred A-bombs would spell an end to civilization on this planet."

This speech set off the terrifying speculation that while it was true that the radioactivity of an atomic bomb is dispersed in the stratosphere, the hazard does not end there. Continued explosion of atomic weapons would so pollute the atmosphere that there would be a world-wide menace. It was especially frightening since in any atomic war at least a few hundred bombs might well be dropped.

Actually, the best estimates show that world-wide contamination is possible, as the colonel predicted, but not with two hundred bombs. It would take approximately a million. Fortunately, a million-bomb stockpile is still beyond man's capability.

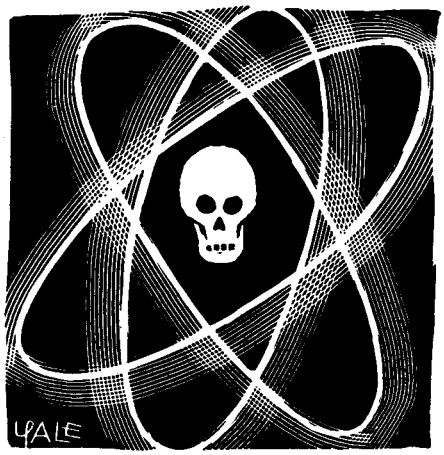
Another line of reasoning may be interesting. To date we have set off seventeen atomic bombs, and by the end of the year, barring a general war, the total will probably be around twenty. Despite the detonation of this many bombs, the radioactive background, as scientists call the permanent radioactive count, has not changed appreciably. We could explode one bomb per day for the next several years before the radioactivity in New York would approach the normal radioactivity found at a higher altitude in a city such as Denver.

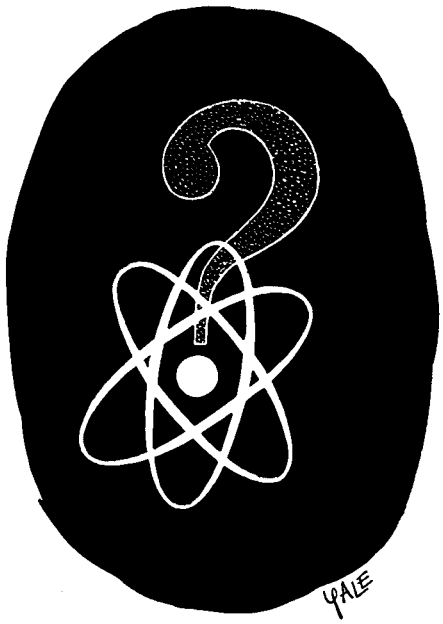
As atomic-bomb prophecies grew wilder, the H-bomb turned up on the front page. Not long ago, the writer pointed out the curious irrelevance of this as yet undeveloped weapon when we already have to deal with bombs whose destructive capacity exceeds a hundred thousand tons of TNT.

Some scientists however, have not been content with prophesying the direct blast effect of the H-bomb. In a Universtiy of Chicago Round Table broadcast, four top scientists produced their recipe for mass extinction—an H-bomb with a cobalt overcoat. The trick was this: Neutrons released by the H-bomb would render the cobalt radioactive and convert it into a fine dust which would then permeate the atmosphere. One prophet has said: "Hydrogen bomb explosions could be set off on a north-south line in the Pacific approximately a thousand miles west of California. The radioactive dust would reach California in about a day, and New York in four or five days, killing most life as it traverses the continent." Even before we have an H-bomb or know that it will work, we find the prophets busy. Several highly unreliable books propagating these hydrogen myths have appeared. These predictions have the same false ring that characterized the tales about Hiroshima.

The worst damage these prophecies have done arises from the fact that they have been implanted in adult minds and have produced a deadening apathy on the American defense scene. Many people tend to believe utterly whatever gossip or rumor meets their ears. One is reminded of the story about the ailing millionaire who spent thousands on doctors and then took the medical advice of his bartender.

Even in our completely inadequate civil-defense activity we find the Geiger counter as the panacea. The prophets have made radioactivity the major worry, and this is all too clearly reflected in the plans which cities have prepared to deal with an atomic bombing. Much of civil defense has been





patterned to the tune of a click-click in a Geiger counter. This is most unfortunate, since the probable radioactive hazard from large-scale atomic attacks on our homeland is slight. We are falling into the trap of preparing for the least of the hazards. Against the larger dangers—direct blast effect and fire—we are regrettably underprotected.

The fallacies of the prophets are apparent only to a few in this country. Perhaps the majority of Americans have already been so drugged with atomic fiction that they can no longer recognize facts. If we are preconditioned by these atomic myths, we may be ripe for panic if disaster strikes. Now that New York and Chicago may themselves be Hiroshimas, bold steps must be taken to inform the layman and to steel him for the rigors of the future. One such step, a civil-defense bomb test, has already been suggested by this writer. The Federal Civil Defense Administration is known to be pressing the Atomic Energy Commission for such a test, and the AEC is said to be sympathetic. Other measures must follow in rapid sequence. Unless atomic myths can be replaced with sane atomic precautions, the nation would scarcely be able to survive an atomic conflict.

The American people will be well advised to remember the words of Stephen Vincent Benét: ". . . And prophets, old or young, bawl out their strange despair . . . keep your distance and your soul from them. . . ."

—RALPH E. LAPP

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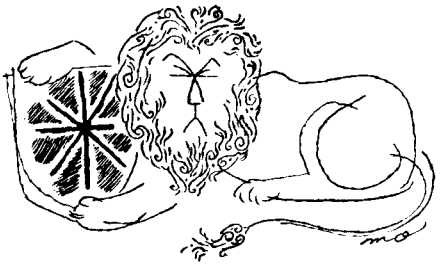
Three Grateful Lords Of the London Money Market

Spokesmen for the United States have again and again assured the Europeans that the American people looked for no expressions of gratitude when they agreed to share, to some extent, the postwar burdens that fell upon Europe as the natural concomitant of the matchless Allied victory of 1945. It is a tribute to the credibility we as a nation enjoy that Europeans believed in these American protestations and acted accordingly.

Except when they were dragged by their own politicians to a harbor or railway yard to witness the unloading of ECA supplies, newspapermen and simple citizens of the continent have on the whole maintained a scrupulous and becoming silence. Where bad taste was manifested this was—as might be expected—the work of local Communists who, by shouts, jeers, and graphic insults inscribed upon banners, crudely drew attention to the assistance our people blushed to offer and honest Europeans loyally steeled themselves to appear unaware of.



What is singular to the point of incredibility is that, among non-Communists, the only bold and open breach in this almost universal front of good breeding should have been made by—of all people—the British. Perhaps it is owing to the corroding influence upon manners exercised by the Labour Government, but from the moment when Marshall Plan supplies began to arrive, murmurs of appreciation ran through the British nation. The century-old weekly *The Economist* led the press in this defiance of the express wish of the American nation; and the press led the people.

Those defiant murmurs of thanks rose to a volume which, though no one seems to have troubled to measure it, was nevertheless sufficient to cast serious doubt upon the validity of our traditional estimate of the British character. Here was a people the world had long believed to be, above all else, respectful of eccentricity and insistent upon every man's right to a decent inconspicuousness; yet we found this same people cheering Americans who had begged that they be not cheered. Had such a thing happened on the continent, the only remark we might appropriately have muttered into our Coca-Cola would have been, "This gives one furiously to think."

Can the Labour Government really be blamed for this regrettable departure from ancient tradition, this infraction of an immemorial code? Capitalists as we fervently are, we should like to be able to say so; but the evidence does not permit it. Nobody in his right senses would imagine that Lord Aldenham, chairman of the Westminster Bank, might allow himself to be influenced in this fashion by a Government led by a "traitor to his class." (It is well known that as Mr. Roosevelt was at Groton, so Mr. Attlee was at Haileybury.) Yet Lord Aldenham did not hesitate to say to his shareholders last January: "It is difficult to exaggerate the success of the Marshall Plan, an act of international co-operation surely without parallel in time of peace." And as if that were not hard enough for Americans to bear, he added: "There must be a wider understanding [in Britain] that it is American charity that has enabled us for some years to live, as a nation, beyond our means."

The thought instantly occurs that the only way to deal with such an Englishman may be to—as it were—extract his fangs by forcibly transporting him to the United States and electing him

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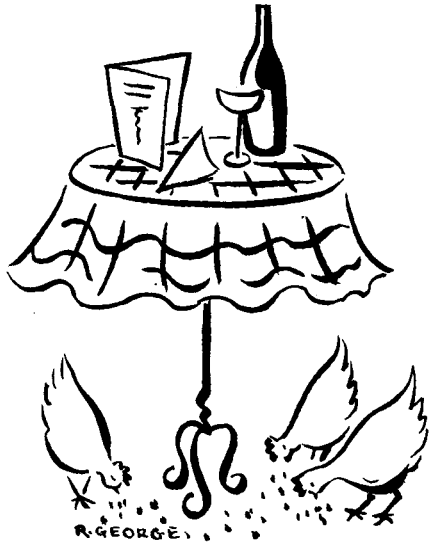
to Congress, where alone such views are tolerated. But to lasso, hog-tie, and kidnap Lord Aldenham would not by itself constitute a solution. For here is his compeer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, chairman of Lloyds Bank, equal with him in malfeasance. The Marshall Plan, said the latter to his proprietors, is "one of the most magnanimous acts in history." And as if to prove himself as good as any Senator, he applauded the end of ECA aid to Britain and declared that its continuance after the year 1950 would have been "completely inappropriate."

There, you will say, stands perfidious Albion in the flesh. But you count without another of the "Big Five," the Midland Bank. If the shareholders of Lloyds Bank were forced to listen to words fit only to take their rise in a U.S. Senatorial larynx, the owners of the Midland Bank had to writhe in the hearing of pronouncements that are simply not cricket when spoken by a subject of a descendant of George III. "Looking to the future, it can hardly be denied," the Marquess of Linlithgow said to them, "that to expect the indefinite continuance of direct material support from the United States, of the kind and on the scale recorded in the past five years, would be to cultivate an enervating and chronically unhealthy state of mind."

Relentlessly grateful, Lord Linlithgow proceeded from detail, relatively speaking, to synthesis and generalization. "It has indeed been a political miracle of modern times," he said, "that the United States, reversing her long-standing policy, has accepted with astonishing promptitude, and expressed in munificent and decisive action, the responsibilities of leadership in world affairs."

Unblushingly, the noble lord dug up and exposed the long-forgotten bones of Lend-Lease. With a ruthless disregard of American modesty he asserted that ECA "was carried through with a degree of vision, adaptability and wisely directed generosity which alone renders it unique, quite apart from the magnitudes involved." There are no lengths to which the man did not go. While Americans squirmed helplessly he reported that, as of last September, the total outlay involved in ECA was $18 billion, all "subject to the scrutiny and assent of Congress," as were other postwar arrangements by which Congress authorized the expenditures of further sums aggregating $12.4 billion for the general good of mankind. Remorselessly he cited additional forms of American co-operation with the external world: reduction of customs duties, help given in developing markets for European goods in the U.S.A., promotion of freer trade between the nations generally. And he summed up in terms which must be quoted here though the heavens fall: "It is only when one comes to recall these facts



systematically that one begins to appreciate, in general terms, the magnitude and quality of the contribution —material, intellectual and moral—of the United States to world recovery and improvement, and to realize how dark and devoid of hope the situation might have been in the absence of this unexampled aid and inspiration."

Let us try for a moment to look on the brighter side. For it exists—just across the Channel—where the continent of Europe has refused to have anything to do with this British nonsense. Lord Linlithgow may dismay a few Americans by exposing to Britain and to financial Europe the extent of our material contribution to their weal, but financial Europe is certain not to pass on the news to its peoples. And this, indeed, is as it should be—not only because we have forbidden the peoples of Europe to acknowledge our assistance, but also for a different reason. Financial and industrial Europe not having shared the benefits of our assistance with their workers to an extent that would bring about an appreciable rise in the standard of living, any out-and-out praise of the Marshall Plan would draw from those workers the European equivalent of the Bronx cheer. Wherefore European business circles do us a double kindness by keeping silent.

Secondly, we may take comfort from the fact that it is futile for Lord Linlithgow to assume that any European will believe him when he credits the American people with moral and intellectual contributions to any cause whatever. It is of course true that Lend-Lease had a moral idea at its core; so had ECA. It is true that in both examples the framework on which the aid was hung was an intellectual structure. But everybody is aware that among the European intelligentsia the word "moral" is reserved for phenomena not American, just as the word "material" is employed only to characterize American phenomena. Somewhat broader is the latitude of the word "intellectual." The same Europeans presume that anybody who makes a career of finding fault with the United States is an intellectual; and they are generous enough to admit Americans to their high fraternity.

We are fortunate, therefore, that the eye that perceives moral and intellectual qualities in the American people shall be that of a mere English banker. Not only can his views have no influence on the continent, but it is hardly likely that his testimony could persuade any American man of letters to turn away long enough from parochial concerns to discern an element of grandeur in the role performed by the American people on the world stage.

This is the point at which our men of letters join hands with their enemies, the McCarrans and McCarthys, and with their opposite numbers in Britain and Europe. We may regret that three lords of the London money market should have broken the European silence imposed by protocol on Marshall Plan aid in its material aspect; but we need have no fear that they will be taken seriously by the intelligentsia on either side of the water when they assign moral and intellectual content to acts of the U.S. government. Except here and there in Britain, that secret remains as good as locked up in their vaults. —LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

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Five artists' impressions of United States Marines

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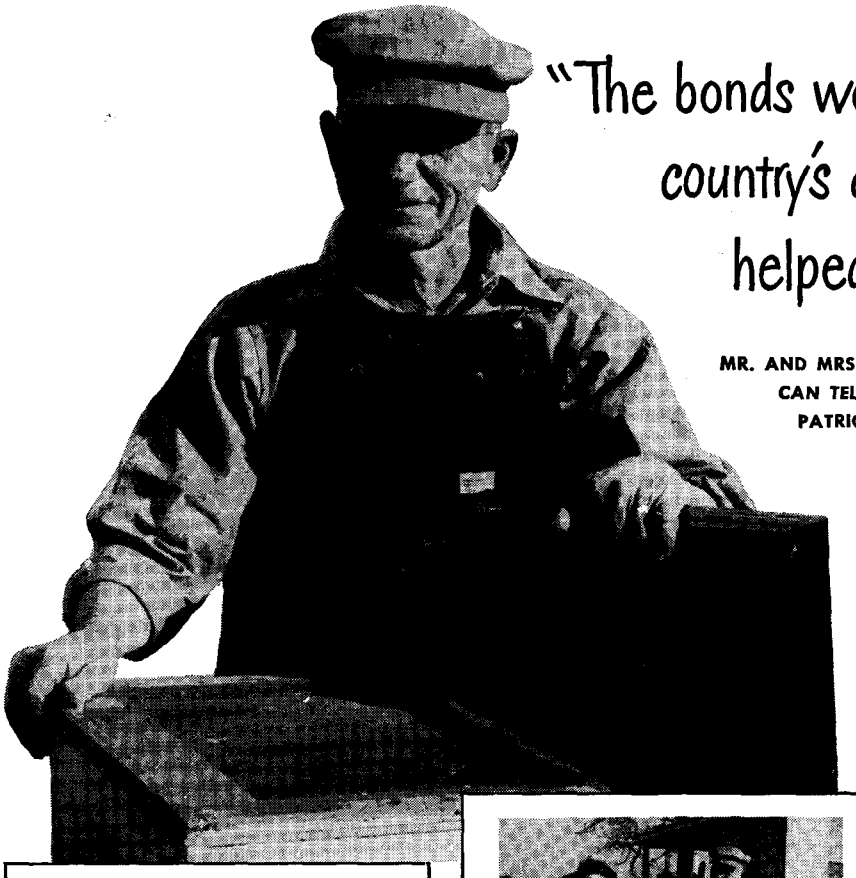
"The bonds we bought for our country's defense bought and helped equip our farm!"

MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU—IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE



Mr. Whatley inspects a beehive on his 202-acre farm. "I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," he says, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. We bought a new truck, refrigerator and electric range, too. I've discovered that bonds are the best way of saving for a working man."

Mr. Whatley says, "My wife and I bought our first bonds in 1943, through the Payroll Savings Plan at the Martha Mills plant of the B. F. Goodrich Co. in Thomaston. Our pay averaged $40 a week apiece and we put about a quarter of that amount into U. S. Savings Bonds."

"We'd saved $6,925 by 1950. $4,000 bought us our 202-acre farm and a 6-room house. Then we bought a new truck, a refrigerator and electric range. Now Mrs. Whatley has time for tending her flowers while I can enjoy my hobby of bee-keeping. We owe it all to *planned* saving."

"We're still holding bonds, too. We don't believe that anyone should cash his bonds unless he has to, so we're holding about $1,800 worth. With that cash reserve, and our farm clear, we can grow old with comfort and peace of mind. Everybody should buy U. S. Savings Bonds!"

The Whatleys' story can be your story, too!

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3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Whatleys did.

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